

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HYMN OF REST.

Come all ye weary, worn, and sin-defiled,
The day of whose deliverance hath not smiled;
Who toil on, sorrow-laden, sore distressed:
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Come ye who seek, through all the world of sin,
The precious treasure only found within;
Clasp your eternal jewel of the breast,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Come ye for whom the human love hath proved
A longing to be infinitely loved;
Whose hearts yet hover round some empty
nest,—

Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

Come ye who suffer through the lone, long
night,
And grope for day with sad tear-blinded sight;
I am the Sun that sets not in the West,
I bring you healing and will give you rest!

Come all who bear the Cross where I have trod;
Who climb the same ascent to get to God,
Bowed down to see the prints my feet have
pressed,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

When storms arise and seas of trouble roll,
I will be near to save the sinking soul;
Each wave that breaks shall lift, dilate your
breast,

And in their motion — I will give you rest!

Sunday Magazine.

From The Month.

LEAF SHADOWS.

WRITTEN IN ASSONANCE.*

THE meadow-grass was gold with buttercups,
And rich with feathered sheaths and clover
buds,

Wind tost, great daffodils all dewy swung
Their golden frills; and in the wood, green
tufts

Of folded fern stood packed like fairy lutes,
While wind-flowers shimmered in the shimmer-
ing sun.

All down the wood-walk then I wandered soft,
The mossy wood-walk that I knew of old;
Above my head the beech boughs trembling
moved,

The beech bough shadows, trembling, moved
below;

And as I watched them, years long vanished
rose:

I roamed, a gladsome child at home once more.

* *Assonance*, as most of our readers will know, is the kind of rhyme adopted by Calderon and other Spanish poets. The rhyme is in the *cœvel* end, not in the last syllable of the respective lines.

'Twas here we met, full field, in laurel glade,
When diamond icelets hung from every spray;
'Twas here the oxlip and the primrose pale
First stole our senses with their perfume faint;
Here nightingales at midnight wooed, their
mates,

Here first I learnt June shadow leaves to watch,

Here with my father walked, while his brown
eye

Grew bright, as I unravelled all his mind,
Putting out strength to meet him, as a squire
First bends his lance against a war-tried knight;
And when I touched his shield, his rare-won
smile

Was guerdon richer than green crowns of pine.

Here would my mother pace with velvet tread;
I checked my fiery march to mate her step,—
What time her willing talk, most changeful,
sweet,

Would fill whole hours, nor knew we how they
went.

So lovely, loving, was she, cultured, free,
Soul-soaring, but in wifehood ever meek.

With brother, sister, here, in various mood,
I chased the fleeting tints of growing thought;
Which trace the changing pattern, warp and
woof,

That life-lore weaves with silk or ebony weaves;
Striving to lift the veil of years to come,
And shaping, aye, some soaring, sun-bright lot.

The evening and the morning still are day,
Though years are past, of toil, and waste, and
pain,

The web of life, silk-broidered, jewelled rare,
Is faded, smirched with dust, and parcel-frayed;
And where the trembling shadow leaves still
dance,

They flicker, ghostlike, over seven graves!

This thought swift plucked me back to actual
life,

For toward its trickling source my soul had
slipt;

"O shadow leaves," I said, "ye still abide
While hearts with wealth untold, like freighted
ships,

Lie sunk five fathoms!" Lord! Thy watching
Eye

Must guide us through this darkness black as
night.

Those whom we utmost need the soonest flee.
Earth's strength and love undying make an end,
The roof-tree shatters like a river reed,
The shadow waving on the moss is left;
O shadow leaves, your beauty makes me weep,
Ye dance unchanged, while love and life are
dreams!

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. DISRAELI, treating Hellenic things with the scornful negligence natural to a Hebrew, said the other day, in a well-known book, that our aristocratic class, the polite flower of the nation, were truly Hellenic in this respect among others, that they cared nothing for letters and never read. Now there seems to be here some inaccuracy, if we take our standard of what is Hellenic from Hellas at its highest pitch of development; for the latest historian of Greece, Dr. Curtius, tells us that in the Athens of Pericles "reading was universally diffused," and again, that "what more than anything distinguishes the Greeks from the barbarians of ancient and modern times, is the idea of a culture comprehending body and soul in an equal measure." And we have ourselves called our aristocratic class *barbarians*, which is the contrary of Hellenes, from this very reason: because, with all their fine, fresh appearance, their open-air life, and their love for field-sports, for reading and thinking they have in general no turn. But no doubt Mr. Disraeli was thinking of the original Hellenes of north-western Greece, from among whom the Dorians of Peloponnesus originally came, but who themselves remained in their old seats and did not migrate and develop like their more famous brethren; and of these primitive Hellenes, of Greeks like the Thesprotians and Molossians, it is probably a very just account to give, that they lived in the open air, loved field-sports, and never read. And, explained in this way, Mr. Disraeli's parallel of our aristocratic class with what he somewhat misleadingly calls the old Hellenic race, appears ingenious and sound; to the Molossian Greeks, the Greeks untouched by the development which contra-distinguishes the Hellenes from the barbarians, our aristocratic class, as he exhibits it, has a strong resemblance. At any rate, this class, which from its great possessions, its beauty and attractiveness, the admiration felt for it by the Philistines or middle-class, its actual power in the nation, and the still more considerable destinies to which its politeness, in Mr. Carlyle's opinion, entitles it,

cannot but attract our notice pre-eminently, shows at present a great and genuine disregard for letters.

And perhaps, if there is any other body of men which strikes one, even after looking at our aristocratic class, as being in the sunshine, as exercising great attraction, as admired by the Philistines or middle-class, and as having before it a future still more brilliant than its present, it is the friends of physical science. Now, their revolt against the tyranny of letters is notorious; to deprive letters of the too great place they have hitherto filled in men's estimation, and to substitute other studies for these, is the object of a sort of crusade with a body of people important in itself, but still more important because of the gifted leaders who march at its head.

Religion has always hitherto been a great power in England, and on this account, perhaps, whatever humiliation may be in store for religion in the future, the friends of physical science will not object to our saying, that, after them and the aristocracy, the leaders of the religious world fill a prominent place in the public eye even now, and one cannot help noticing what their opinions and likings are. And it is curious how the feeling of the chief people in the religious world, too, seems to be just now against mere letters, which they slight as the vague and inexact instrument of shallow essayists and magazine-writers, and in favour of dogma, of a scientific and exact presentment of religious things, instead of a literary presentment of them. The distinguished Chancellor of the University of Oxford told us on a public occasion lately, that "religion is no more to be severed from dogma than light from the sun." Every one remembers the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester making in Convocation the other day their remarkable effort "to do something," as they said, "for the honour of Our Lord's Godhead," and to mark their sense of "that infinite separation for time and for eternity which is involved in rejecting the Godhead of the Eternal Son." In the same way, "to no teaching," says one champion of dogma, "can the appellation of Christian be truly given which does not involve the idea of a Personal God;"

another lays like stress on correct ideas about the Personality of the Holy Ghost; "Our Lord unquestionably," says a third, "annexes eternal life to a right knowledge of the Godhead,"—that is, to a right speculative, dogmatic knowledge of it; a fourth appeals to history and human nature for proof that "an undogmatic church can no more satisfy the hunger of a soul than a snowball, painted to look like fruit, would stay the hunger of the stomach." And all these friends of theological science are, like the friends of physical science, though from another cause, severe upon letters. Attempts made at a literary treatment of religious history and ideas they call a "subverting of the faith once delivered to the saints;" those who make them they speak of as "those who have made shipwreck of the faith;" and when they describe the "progress of infidelity," which more and more, according to their account, "denies God, rejects Christ, and lets loose every human passion," though they have the audaciousness of physical science most in their eye, yet they have a direct aim, too, at the looseness and dangerous temerity of letters.

Keeping in view the scriptural precedent of the young man who had great possessions, to work a change of mind in our aristocratic class we never make any pretension; but to the friends of physical science and to the friends of dogma we feel emboldened, after giving our best consideration to the matter, to say a few words on behalf of letters, and in deprecation of the slight which, on different grounds, they both put upon them. And this we propose to do in three or four attempts, attempts which, perhaps, if they were novels and we were Mr. Disraeli, we should call a trilogy or tetralogy; but which, they and we being what we are, we shall call simply three or four essays, one of them (which we shall have to divide into two parts) dealing with literature as it regards dogma; another with literature as it regards physics; a third with literature as it regards science generally. And we shall take leave, in spite of modern fashions, still to treat theology with so much respect as to give her the first place, and shall begin with *literature and dogma*.

It is clear that dogmatists love religion;—for else why do they occupy themselves with it so much, and make it, most of them, the business, even the professional business, of their lives?—and clearly religion seeks man's salvation. How distressing, therefore, must it be to them, to think that salvation is unquestionably annexed to a right knowledge of the Godhead, and that a right knowledge of the Godhead depends upon reasoning, for which so many people have not much aptitude, and upon reasoning from ideas, or terms, such as substance, identity, causation, design, about which there is endless disagreement! It is true, a right knowledge of geometry also depends upon reasoning, and many people never get it; but then, in the first place, salvation is not annexed to a right knowledge of geometry; and, in the second, the ideas, or terms, such as *point, line, angle*, from which we reason in geometry, are terms about which there is no ambiguity or disagreement. But as to the demonstrations, and terms of theology we cannot comfort ourselves in this manner. How must this thought mar the Archbishop of York's enjoyment of such a solemnity as that in which, to uphold and renovate religion, he lectured lately to Lord Harrowby, Dean Payne Smith, and other kindred souls, upon the theory of causation! And what a consolation to us, who are so perpetually being taunted with our known inaptitude for abstruse reasoning, if we can find that for this great concern of religion, at any rate, abstruse reasoning does not seem to be the appointed help, and that as good or better a help,—for, indeed, there can hardly, to judge by the present state of things, be a worse,—may be something which is in an ordinary man's powers.

For the good of letters is, that they require no extraordinary acuteness, such as is required to handle the theory of causation like the Archbishop of York, or the doctrine of the Godhead of the Eternal Son like the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester; the good of letters may be had without skill in arguing, or that formidable logical apparatus, not unlike a guillotine, which Professor Huxley speaks of somewhere as the young man's best

companion;—and so it *would* be, no doubt, if all wisdom were come at by hard reasoning; in that case, all who could not manage this apparatus (and only a few picked craftsmen can manage it) would be in a pitiable condition. But the valuable thing in letters,—that is, in the acquainting oneself with the best which has been known and said in the world,—is, as we have often said, the judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind along with fresh knowledge; and this judgment any one with a fair mind, who will but trouble himself to try and make acquaintance with the best which has been known and said in the world, may attain to. It comes almost of itself, and what it displaces it displaces easily and naturally, and without any turmoil of controversial reasonings. The thing comes to look differently to us as we look at it by the light of fresh knowledge; we are not beaten from our old opinion by logic, we are not driven off our ground,—our ground itself changes with us. Far more of our mistakes come from want of fresh knowledge than from want of correct reasoning; and, therefore, letters meet a greater want in us than does logic. The idea of a triangle is a definite and ascertained thing, and to deduce the properties of a triangle from it is an affair of reasoning. There are heads unapt for this sort of work, and some of the blundering to be found in the world is from this cause. But how far more of the blundering to be found in the world comes from people fancying that an idea is a definite and ascertained thing, like the idea of a triangle, when it is not, and proceeding to deduce properties from it, and to do battle about them, when their first start was a mistake! And how liable are people with a talent for hard, abstruse reasoning, to be tempted to this mistake! And what can clear up such a mistake except a wide and familiar acquaintance with the human spirit and its productions, showing how ideas and terms arose, and what is their character? and this is letters and history, not logic. So that minds with small aptitude for abstruse reasoning may yet through letters, gain some considerable hold on sound judgment and useful knowledge, and may even clear up many of the blunders committed, in conse-

quence of their very excess of talent, by the athletes of logic.

We have said elsewhere how much it has contributed to the misunderstanding of St. Paul, that terms like *grace*, *new birth*, *justification*,—which he used in a fluid and passing way, as men use terms in common discourse, or in eloquence and poetry, to describe approximately, but only approximately, what they have present before their mind but do not profess that their mind does or can grasp exactly or adequately,—that such terms people have blunderingly taken in a fixed and rigid manner, as if they were symbols with as definite and fully grasped a meaning as the names *line* or *angle*, and proceeded to use them on this supposition; terms, in short, which with St. Paul are *literary* terms, theologians have employed as if they were *scientific* terms. But if one desires to deal with this mistake thoroughly, one must observe it in that supreme term with which religion is filled,—the term *God*. The seemingly incurable ambiguity in the mode of employing this word is the root of all our religious differences and difficulties. People use it as if it stood for a perfectly definite and ascertained idea, from which we might, without more ado, extract propositions and draw inferences, just as we should from any other definite and ascertained idea. For instance, I open a book which controverts what its author thinks dangerous views about religion, and I read: "Our sense of morality tells us so-and-so; our sense of God, on the other hand, tells us so-and-so." And again, "the impulse in man to seek God" is distinguished, as if the distinction were self-evident and explained itself, from "the impulse in man to seek his highest perfection." Now, *morality* represents for everybody a thoroughly definite and ascertained idea,—the idea of human conduct regulated in a certain manner. Everybody, again, understands distinctly enough what is meant by man's perfection,—his reaching the best which his powers and circumstances allow him to reach. And the word *God* is used, in connection with both these words, *Morality* and *Perfection*, as if it stood for just as definite and ascertained an idea as they

do; an idea drawn from experience, just as the ideas are which they stand for; an idea about which every one was agreed, and from which we might proceed to argue and to make inferences with the certainty that, as in the case of morality and perfection, the basis on which we were going every one knew and granted. But in truth, the word God is used in most cases, — not by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, but by mankind in general, — as by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out*, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness, — a literary term in short; and they mean different things by it as their consciousness differs. The first question is, how people are using the word, whether in this literary way, or in the scientific way of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester; the second question is, what, supposing them to use the term as one of poetry and eloquence, and to import into it, therefore, a great deal of their own individual feelings and character, is yet the common substratum of idea on which, in using it, they all rest; for this will then be, so far as they are concerned, the scientific sense of the word, the sense in which we can use it for purposes of argument and inference without ambiguity. Is this substratum, at any rate, coincident with the scientific idea of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, will then be the question. Strictly and formally the word God, we now learn from the philologists, means like its kindred Aryan words *Theos*, *Deus*, and *Deva*, simply *brilliant*; in a certain narrow way, therefore, this is the one exact and scientific sense of the word. It was long thought to mean *good*, and so Luther took it to mean the *best that man knows or can know*; and in this sense, as a matter of fact and history, mankind constantly use the word. But then there is the scientific sense held by theologians, deduced from the ideas of substance, identity, causation, design, and so on, but taught, they say, or at least implied in the Bible, and on which all the Bible rests. According to this scientific sense of theology God is a person, the great first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe; Jesus Christ consubstantial with him; and the Holy Ghost a person proceeding from the other two. This is the sense for which, or for portions of which, the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are so zealous to do something. Other people, who fail to perceive the force of the deduction from the abstract ideas

above mentioned, who indeed think it quite hollow, but who are told that this sense is in the Bible, and that they must receive it if they receive the Bible, conclude that in that case they had better receive neither the one nor the other. Something of this sort it was, no doubt, which made Professor Huxley tell the London School Board lately, that "if these islands had no religion at all, it would not enter into his mind to introduce the religious idea by the agency of the Bible." Of such people there are now a good many; and indeed there could hardly, for those who value the Bible, be a greater example of the sacrifices one is sometimes called upon to make for the truth, than to find that for the truth as held by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, if it is the truth, one must sacrifice the allegiance of so many people to the Bible.

But surely, if there be anything with which metaphysics have nothing to do, and where a plain man, without skill to walk in the arduous paths of abstruse reasoning, may yet find himself at home, it is religion. For the object of religion is *conduct*; and conduct is really, however men may overlay it with philosophical disquisitions, the simplest thing in the world. That is to say, it is the simplest thing in the world as far as *understanding* is concerned; as regards *doing*, it is the hardest thing in the world. Here is the difficulty, — to *do* what we very well know ought to be done; and instead of facing this, men have searched out another with which they occupy themselves by preference, — the origin of what is called the moral sense, the genesis and physiology of conscience, and so on. No one denies that here, too, is difficulty, or that the difficulty is a proper object for the human faculties to be exercised upon; but the difficulty here is speculative: it is not the difficulty of religion, which is a practical one, and it often tends to divert the attention from this. Yet surely the difficulty of religion is great enough by itself, if men would but consider it, to satisfy the most voracious appetite for difficulties. It extends to rightness in the whole range of what we call conduct; in three-fourths, therefore, at the very lowest computation, of human life. The only doubt is whether we ought not to make the range of conduct wider still, and to say it is four-fifths of human life, or five-sixths. But it is better to be under the mark than over it; so let us be content with counting conduct three-fourths of human life. And to recognize in what way it is this, let us eschew all school-

terms, like *moral sense*, and *volitional*, and *altruistic*, which philosophers employ, and let us help ourselves by the most palpable and plain examples. When the rich man in the parable says: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry"—those goods which he thus assigns as the stuff with which human life is mainly concerned (and so in practice it really is)—those goods and our dealings with them, our taking our ease, eating, drinking, being merry, are the matter of conduct, the range where it is exercised. Or when Protagoras points out of what things we are, from childhood till we die, being taught and admonished, and says (but it is lamentable that here we have not at hand Mr. Jowett, who so excellently introduces the enchanter Plato and his personages, but must use our own words): "From the time he can understand what is said to him, nurse and mother, and teacher, and father too, are bending their efforts to this end,—to make the child *good*; teaching and showing him, as to everything he has to do or say, how this is right and that not right, and this is honorable and that vile, and this is holy and that unholy, and this do and that do not,"—Protagoras, when he says this, bears his testimony to the scope and nature of conduct, tells us what conduct is. Or, once more, when Monsieur Littre (and we hope to make our peace with the Comtists by quoting an author of theirs in preference to those authors whom all the British public is now reading and quoting)—when Monsieur Littre, in a most ingenious essay on the origin of morals, traces up,—better, perhaps, than any one else,—all our impulses into two elementary instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the reproductive instinct, then we take his theory and say that all the impulses which can be conceived as derivable from the instinct of self-preservation in us and the reproductive instinct, these terms being applied in their ordinary sense, are the matter of conduct. It is evident this includes, to say no more, every impulse relating to temper, every impulse relating to sensuality; and we all know how much that is. How we deal with these impulses is the matter of *conduct*,—how we obey, regulate, or restrain them,—that and nothing else. Not whether Monsieur's Littre's theory is true or false; for whether it be true or false, there the impulses confessedly now are, and the business of conduct is to deal with them. But it is evident, if conduct deals with these, both how important a thing conduct is,

and how simple a thing. Important, because it covers so large a portion of human life, and the portion common to all sorts of people; simple, because, though there needs perpetual admonition to form conduct, the admonition is needed, not to determine what we ought to do, but to make us do it. And as to this simplicity, all moralists are agreed. "Let any plain honest man," says Bishop Butler, "before he engages in any course of action" (he means action of the very kind we call *conduct*), "ask himself, is this I am going about right or is it wrong? is it good or is it evil? I do not in the least doubt but that this question would be answered agreeably to truth and virtue by almost any fair man in almost any circumstance." And Bishop Wilson says: "Look up to God" (by which he means just this, consult your conscience) "at all times, and he will, as in a glass, discover what is fit to be done." And the Preacher's well-known sentence is to exactly the same effect: "God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions"—or, as it more correctly is, "*many abstruse reasonings*." Let us hold fast to this, and we shall find we have a stay by the help of which even poor weak men, with no pretensions to be athletes, may stand firmly. And so when we are asked, What is the object of religion?—let us reply, *Conduct*; and when we are asked further, What is conduct?—let us answer, *three-fourths of life*.

And certainly we need not go far about to prove that conduct, or righteousness, which is the object of religion, is in a special manner the object of Bible religion. The word righteousness is the master-word of the Old Testament; *cease to do evil, learn to do well*, these words being taken in their plainest sense of conduct; *offer the sacrifice*, not of victims and ceremonies, as the way of the world in religion then was, but, *offer the sacrifice of righteousness*. The great concern of the New Testament is likewise righteousness, but righteousness reached through particular means, righteousness by the power of Christ; a sentence which sums up the New Testament, and assigns the ground whereon the Christian Church stands, is, as we have elsewhere said, this: *Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity*. If we are to take a sentence which in like manner sums up the Old Testament, such a sentence is this: *To him that ordereth his conversation right, shall be shown the salvation of God*.

But instantly there will be raised the

objection that this is morality, not religion; morality, ethics, conduct, being by many people, and above all by theologians, carefully contra-distinguished from religion, which is supposed in some special way to be connected with propositions about the Godhead of the Eternal Son, like those for which the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester want to do something, or propositions about the personality of God, or about election or justification. Religion, however, means simply either a binding to the practice of righteousness, or else a serious attending to righteousness and dwelling upon it; which of these two it most nearly means, depends upon the view we take of the word's derivation; but it means one of them, and they are much the same. And the antithesis between *ethical* and *religious* is thus quite a false one; *ethical* means *practical*, it relates to practice, or conduct, passing into habit or disposition; *religious* also means *practical*, but *practical* in a still higher degree; and the right antithesis to both *ethical* and *religious*, is the same as the right antithesis to *practical*: namely, *theoretical*. Now the propositions of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester are *theoretical*; and they therefore are very properly opposed to propositions which are *moral* or *ethical*; but they are with equal propriety opposed to propositions which are *religious*. They differ in kind from what is *religious*, while what is *ethical* agrees in kind with it; but is there, therefore, no difference between what is *ethical*, or *morality*, and *religion*? There is a difference; a difference of degree. Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling; the passage from morality to religion is made when morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus not *morality*, but *morality touched by emotion*. And this new elevation and inspiration of morality is well marked by the word *righteousness*. Conduct is the word of common life, morality is the word of philosophical disquisition, righteousness is the word of religion.

Some people, indeed, are for calling all high thought and feeling by the name of religion: according to that saying of Goethe: "He who has art and science, has also religion." But let us use words as mankind generally use them. We may call art and science touched by emotion *religion*, if we will; as we may make the instinct of self-preservation into which Monsieur Littré traces up all our private affec-

tions, include the perfecting ourselves by the study of what is beautiful in art; and the reproductive instinct, into which he traces up all our social affections, include the perfecting mankind by political science. But men have not yet got to that stage when we think much of their private and social affections otherwise than as exercising themselves in the sphere of conduct; neither do we yet think of religion as so exercising itself. When mankind speak of religion, they have before their mind an activity, engaged, not with the whole of life, but with that three-fourths of life which is conduct. This is wide enough range for one word, surely; but at any rate, let us at present limit ourselves as mankind do.

And if some one now asks: But what is this application of emotion to morality, and by what marks may we know it?—we can quite easily satisfy him, not by any disquisition of our own, but in a much better way, by examples. "By the dispensation of Providence to mankind," says Quintilian, "goodness gives men most pleasure." That is morality. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That is morality touched with emotion, or religion. "Keep off from sensuality," says Cicero; "for, if you have given yourself up to it, you will find yourself unable to think of anything else." That is morality. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." That is religion. "We all want to live honestly, but cannot," says the Greek maxim-maker. That is morality. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" says St. Paul. That is religion. "Would thou wert of as good conversation in deed as in word!" is morality. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven," is religion. "Live as you were meant to live," is morality; "Lay hold on eternal life," is religion. Or we may take the contrast within the bounds of the Bible itself: "Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty," is morality; "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," is religion. Or we may observe a third stage between these two stages, which shows to us the transition from one to the other: "If thou givest thy soul the desires that please her, she will make thee a laughing-stock to thine enemies;" that is morality. "He that resisteth pleasures crowneth his life;" that is morality with

the tone heightened, passing, or trying to pass, into religion. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;" there the passage is made, and we have religion. Our religious examples are here all taken from the Bible, but we could take them from elsewhere. "Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of holy innocence of thought and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws which in the highest heaven had their birth, neither did the race of mortal man beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep; the power of God is mighty in them, and growth not old!" That is from Sophocles, but it is as much religion as any of the things which we have quoted as religious. Like them, it is not the mere enjoining of conduct, but it is this enjoining touched, strengthened, and almost transformed, by the addition of feeling.

So what is meant by the application of emotion to morality has, it is to be hoped, been made clear. The next question will, I suppose, be: But how does one get the application made? Why, how does one get to feel much about any matter whatever? By dwelling upon it, by staying our thoughts upon it, by having it perpetually in our mind. The very words *mind, memory, remain*, come probably from the same root, from the notion of staying, attending. Possibly even the word *man* comes from the same; so entirely does the idea of humanity, of intelligence, of looking before and after, of raising oneself out of the flux of things, rest upon the idea of steadying oneself, concentrating oneself, making order in the chaos of one's impressions, by attending to one rather than the other. The rules of conduct, of morality, were themselves, philosophers suppose, reached in this way; the notion of a whole self as opposed to a partial self, a best self to an inferior, to a momentary self a permanent self, requiring the restraint of impulses one would naturally have indulged; because by *attending* to his life man found it had a scope beyond the wants of the present moment. Suppose it was so; then the first man who, as "a being," comparatively, "of a large discourse, looking before and after," controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the instinct of self-preservation, controlled the native, instantaneous, mechanical impulses of the reproductive instinct, had morality revealed to him. But there is a long way from this to that habitual dwelling on the rules thus reached, that constant turning them over in the mind, that near and

lively experimental sense of their beneficence, which communicates emotion to our thought of them, and thus incalculably heightens their power. And the more that mankind attended to the claims of that part of our nature which does not belong to conduct, properly so called, or morality (and we have seen that, after all, about one-fourth of our nature is in this case), the more they would have distractions to take off their thoughts from those moral conclusions which all races of men, one may say, seem to have reached, and to prevent these moral conclusions from being quickened by emotion, and thus becoming religious.

Only with the people from whom we get the Bible these distractions did not happen. The Old Testament, I suppose nobody will deny, is filled with the word and thought of righteousness:—"In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death;" "righteousness tendeth to life;" "the wicked man troubleth his own flesh;" "the way of transgressors is hard;"—nobody will deny that those texts may stand for the fundamental and ever-recurring idea of the Old Testament. No people ever felt so strongly that conduct is three-fourths of life and its largest concern; no people ever felt so strongly that succeeding, going right, hitting the mark in this great concern, as in all great concerns that really engage us, was the way of peace, the highest possible satisfaction. "He that keepeth the law, happy is he; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace; if thou hadst walked in its ways, thou shouldst have dwelled in peace for ever." Jeshurun, one of the ideal names of their race, is the *upright*; Israel, the other and greater, is the wrestler with God, he who has known the contention and strain it costs to stand upright. That mysterious personage, by whom their history first touches the hill of Zion, is Melchisedek, the *righteous* king; their holy city, Jerusalem, is the foundation, or vision, or inheritance, of what righteousness conquers,—*peace*. The law of righteousness was such an object of attention to them that its words were to "be in their heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." To keep them ever in mind, they wore them, went about with them, made talismans of them; "bind them upon thy fingers, bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table

of thine heart." "Take fast hold of her," they said of the doctrine of conduct, or righteousness, "let her not go; keep her, for *she is thy life*."

People who thus spoke of righteousness could not but have had their minds long and deeply engaged with it, more than the generality of mankind, who have nevertheless, as we saw, got as far as the notion of morals or conduct; and if they were so engaged with it, one thing could not fail to strike them. It is this: the very great part in righteousness which belongs, we may say, to *not ourselves*. In the first place, we did not make ourselves, or our nature, or conduct as the object of three-fourths of that nature; we did not provide that happiness should follow conduct, as it undeniably does; that the sense of succeeding, going right, hitting the mark, in conduct, should give satisfaction, and a very high satisfaction, just as really as the sense of doing well in his work gives pleasure to a poet or painter, or accomplishing what he tries gives pleasure to a man who is learning to ride or shoot, or satisfying his hunger, even, gives pleasure to a man who is hungry. All this we did not make; and, in the next place, our dealing with it all, when it is made, is not wholly, or even nearly wholly, in our own power. Our conduct is capable, irrespective of what we can ourselves certainly answer for, of almost infinitely different degrees of force and energy in the execution of it, of lucidity and vividness in the perception of it, of fulness in the satisfaction from it; and these degrees may vary from day to day, and quite incalculably. For instance, every one can understand how health and freedom from pain may give energy for conduct, and how a neuralgia, suppose, may diminish it; it does not depend on ourselves, indeed, whether we have the neuralgia or not, but we can understand its impairing our spirit. But the strange thing is that with the same neuralgia we may find ourselves one day without spirit and energy for conduct, and another day with them. So that we may most truly say: "Left to ourselves, we sink and perish; visited, we lift up our heads and live." And we may well give ourselves, in grateful and devout self-surrender, to that by which we are thus visited. So much is there incalculable, so much that belongs to *not ourselves*, in conduct; and the more we attend to conduct, and the more we value it, the more we shall feel this.

The *not ourselves*, which is in us and in the world round us, has almost everywhere, so far as we can see, struck the

minds of men as they awoke to consciousness, and inspired them with awe. Every one knows how the mighty natural objects which most took their regards became the objects to which this awe addressed itself; our very word *God* is a reminiscence of these times, when men invoked "the brilliant on high," *sublime hoc candens quod invocant omnes Jovem*, as the power representing to them that which transcended the limits of their narrow selves, and that by which they lived and moved and had their being. Every one knows of what differences of operation men's dealing with this power has in different places and times shown itself capable; how here they have been moved by it to a cruel terror, there to a timid religiosity, there again to a play of imagination; almost always, however, connecting with it, by some string or other, conduct. But we are not writing a history of religion; we are only tracing its effect on the language of the men from whom we get the Bible. At the time they produced those documents which give to the Old Testament its power and true character, the *not ourselves* which weighed upon the mind of Israel, and engaged its awe, was the *not ourselves* by which we get the sense for righteousness and whence we find the help to do right. This was the conception which lay at the bottom of that remarkable change which at a certain stage in their religious history befell their mode of naming God; this was what they intended in the name which we wrongly convey either without translation, by *Jehovah*, which gives us the notion of a mere mythological deity, or by a wrong translation, *Lord*, which gives us the notion of a magnified and non-natural man;—the name they used was *The Eternal*. Philosophers dispute whether moral ideas, as they call them, the simplest ideas of conduct and righteousness which now seem instinctive, did not all grow, were not at once inchoate, embryo, dubious, unformed; that may have been so; the question is an interesting one for science. But the interesting question for conduct is whether those ideas are unformed or formed *now*; they are formed now, and they were formed when the Hebrews called the power, out of themselves, which pressed upon their spirit; *The Eternal*. Long before the first beginnings of their recorded history, long before the oldest word of their literature, these ideas must have been at work; we know it by the result; but they may have been but rudimentary. In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature, under the name of Eloh, Elohim, *The Mighty*, there may have

lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than were entertained by other races; not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *The Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name, *The Brilliant*. With *The Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal; — the Eternal *what*? The Eternal *cause*? Alas, these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal *righteous*, who loveth *righteousness*. They had dwelt upon the thought of conduct and right and wrong, till the *not ourselves*, which is in us and around us, became altogether to them a power which makes for righteousness; which makes for it unchangeably and eternally, and is therefore called *The Eternal*.

There is not a particle of metaphysics in their use of this name, any more than in their conceptions of the *not ourselves* to which they attached it. Both came to them, not from abstruse reasoning, but from experience, and from experience in the plain region of conduct. Theologians with metaphysical heads render this *Eternal* by the *self-existent*, and this *not ourselves* by the *absolute*, and attribute to Israel their own subtleties. According to them, Israel had his head full of the necessity of a first cause, and therefore said *The Eternal*; as, again, they imagine him looking out into the world, noting everywhere the marks of design and adaptation to his wants, and reasoning and inferring thence the fatherhood of God. All these fancies come from an excessive turn for reasoning, and a neglect of observing men's actual course of thinking and way of using words. Israel, at this stage when *The Eternal* was revealed to him, inferred nothing, reasoned nothing; he felt and experienced. When he begins to speculate, in the schools of Rabbinism, he quickly shows how much less native talent than the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester he has for this business. Happily he had not yet begun to speculate. He personified, indeed, his *Eternal*, for he was strongly moved, and an orator and poet; *man never knows how anthropomorphic he is*, says Goethe, and so man tends always to represent everything under his own figure; in poetry and eloquence he may and must follow this tendency, but in science it often leads him astray. Israel, however, did not scientifically predicate personality of God,

he would not even have had a notion what was meant by it. He called him the maker of all things, who gave them all drink out of his pleasures, as out of the river; but he was led to this by no theory of a first cause. The grandeur of the spectacle given by the world, and of the sense of its all being not ourselves, being above and beyond ourselves, and immeasurably dwarfing us, a man of imagination instinctively personifies as a single mighty living and productive power; as Goethe tells us that the words which rose naturally to his lips, when he stood on the top of the Brocken, were: "Lord, what is man that thou mindest him, or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?" But Israel's confessing and extolling of this power came not from his imaginative feeling, but came first from his gratitude for righteousness. To one who knows what conduct is, it is a joy to be alive; the *not ourselves*, which, by revealing to us righteousness, makes our happiness, adds to the boon this glorious world to be righteous in. That is the notion at the bottom of the Hebrew's praise of a Creator. It is the same with all the language he uses. God is a father, because the power in and around us which makes for righteousness is indeed best described by the name of this authoritative but yet tender and protecting relation. So, too, with the intense fear and abhorrence of idolatry. Conduct, righteousness, is, above all, an inward motion; no sensible forms can represent it, or help us to it; such attempts at representation can only distract us from it. So, too, with the sense of the oneness of God. "Hear, O Israel! The Lord our God is one Lord." People think that in this unity of God, — this monotheistic idea, as they call it, — they have certainly got metaphysics at last. It is nothing of the kind. The monotheistic idea of Israel is simply *seriousness*. There are, indeed, many aspects of the *not ourselves*; but Israel regarded one aspect of it only, that by which it makes for righteousness. He had the advantage, to be sure, that with this aspect three-fourths of human life is concerned. But there are other aspects which may be taken. "Frail and striving mortality," says the elder Pliny, in a noble passage, "mindful of its own weakness, has distinguished these severally, so as for each man to be able to attach himself to the divine by this or that portion, according as he has most need." That is an apology for polytheism, as answering to man's many-sidedness. But Israel felt that being thus many-sided de-

generated into an imaginative play, and bewildered what Israel recognized as our sole *religious* consciousness, — the consciousness of right. "Let thine eyelids look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee; turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil." Does not Ovid say, in excuse for the immorality of his verses, that the sight and mention of the gods themselves, — the rulers of human life, — often raised immoral thoughts? and so the sight and mention of *all* aspects of the *not ourselves* must. Israel's *Eternal* was the *Eternal* which says: "To depart from evil, that is understanding;" "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Now, as righteousness is but a heightened conduct, so holiness is but a heightened righteousness; a more finished, entire, and awe-filled righteousness. It was such a righteousness which was Israel's ideal; and therefore it was that Israel said, not indeed what our Bibles make him say, but this: "Hear, O Israel! *The Eternal is our God, the Eternal alone.*"

And in spite of his turn for personification, his want of a clear boundary line between poetry and science, his inaptitude to express even abstract notions by other than highly concrete terms, — in spite of these scientific disadvantages, or rather, perhaps, because of them, because he had no talent for abstruse reasoning to lead him astray, the spirit and tongue of Israel kept a propriety, a reserve, a sense of the inadequacy of language in conveying man's ideas of God, which contrast strongly with the license of affirmation of our Western theology. "The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy," is far more proper and felicitous language than "the moral and intelligent governor of the universe," just because it far less attempts to be precise. As he had developed his idea of God from personal experience, Israel knew what we, who have developed our idea from his words about it, so often are ignorant of: that his words were but thrown out at a vast object of consciousness which he could not fully grasp, and apprehended clearly by one point alone, — that it made for the great concern of life, conduct. How little we know of it besides, how impenetrable is the course of its ways with us, how we are baffled in our attempts to name and describe it, how, when we personify it and call it the moral and intelligent governor of the universe, we presently find it not to be a person as man conceives of person, nor moral as man conceives of moral, nor

intelligent as man conceives of intelligent, nor a governor as man conceives of governors, — all this, which scientific theology loses sight of, Israel, who had but poetry and eloquence, and no system, and who did not mind contradicting himself, knew. "Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous?" What a blow to our ideal of that magnified and non-natural man, "the moral and intelligent governor!" "Canst thou by searching find out God; canst thou find out the perfection of the Almighty? It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

Will it be said, experience might also have shown to Israel a *not ourselves* which did not make for his happiness, but rather made against it, baffled his claims to it? But no man, as we have elsewhere remarked, who simply follows his own consciousness, is aware of any *claims*, any rights, whatever; what he gets of good makes him thankful, what he gets of ill seems to him natural. It is true the *not ourselves* of which he is thankfully conscious he inevitably speaks of and speaks to as a man; — "*man never knows how anthropomorphic he is*;" — as time proceeds, imagination and reasoning keep working on this substructure and build from it a magnified and non-natural man; attention is then drawn to causes outside ourselves which seem to make for sin and suffering, and then either these causes have to be reconciled by some highly ingenious scheme with the magnified and non-natural man's power, or a second magnified and non-natural man has to be supposed, who pulls the contrary way to the first. But all this is secondary, and comes much later; Israel, the founder of our religion, knew from thankful experience the *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness, and knew how little we know about God besides.

The language of the Bible, then, is literary, not scientific language, language *thrown out* at an object of consciousness, not fully grasped, which inspired emotion. Evidently, if the object be one not fully to be grasped and one to inspire emotion, the language of figure and feeling will satisfy us better about it, will cover more of what we seek to express, than the language of literal fact and science; the language of science about it will be below what we feel to be the truth. The question, however, has arisen and confronts us, what was the scientific basis of fact for this consciousness. When we have once satisfied ourselves both as to the tentative, poetic way in which the Bible personages used lan-

guage, and also as to their having no pretensions to metaphysics at all, let us, therefore, when there is this question raised as to the scientific account of what they had before their minds, be content with a very unpretending answer. And in this way such a phrase as that which we have formerly used concerning God, and have been much blamed for using,—the phrase, namely, “that, for science, God is simply *the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being*,”—may be allowed and even prove useful. Certainly it is inadequate; certainly it is a less proper phrase than, for instance, “Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.” But then it is, in however humble a degree and with however narrow a reach, a *scientific* definition, which the other is not. The phrase, “A personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe,” has also, when applied to God, the character, no doubt, of a scientific definition; but then it goes far beyond what is admittedly certain and verifiable, which is what we mean by scientific. It attempts far too much; if we want here, as we do want, to have what is admittedly certain and verifiable, we must content ourselves with very little. No one will say that it is admittedly certain and verifiable that there is a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe, whom we may call God if we will. But that all things seem to us to have what we call a law of their being, and to tend to fulfil it, is certain and admitted; though whether we will call this *God* or not is a matter of choice. Suppose however, we call it *God*, we then give the name of *God* to a certain and admitted reality; this, at least, is an advantage. And the notion does, in fact, enter into the term *God*, in men’s common use of it. To please God, to serve God, to obey God’s will, does mean to follow a law of things which is found in conscience, and which is an indication, irrespective of our arbitrary wish and fancy, of what we ought to do. There is, then, a real power which makes for righteousness, and it is the greatest of realities for us. When Paul says our business is “to serve the spirit of God,” “to serve the living and true God;” and when Epictetus says, “What do I want?—to acquaint myself with the true order of things, and comply with it,” they both mean, so far, the same, in that they both mean we should obey a tendency, which is *not ourselves*, but which appears in our consciousness, by which things fulfil the

real law of their being. It is true, the *not ourselves* by which things fulfil the real law of their being, extends a great deal beyond that sphere where alone we usually think of it. That is, a man may disserve God, disobey indications; not of our own making, but which appear, if we attend, in our consciousness,—he may disobey, I say, such indications of the real law of our being in other spheres besides the sphere of conduct. He does disobey them when he sings a hymn like *My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow*, or, indeed, like nine-tenths of our hymns, or when he frames and maintains a blundering and miserable constitution of society, as well as when he commits some plain breach of the moral law. But he attends, and the generality of men attend, only to the indications of a true law of our being as to *conduct*, and hardly at all to indications, though they as really exist, of a true law of our being on its æsthetic and intellectual side. The reason is, that the moral side, though not more real, is so much larger; taking in, as we have said, at least three-fourths of life. But the indications on this moral side of that tendency, not of our making, by which things fulfil the law of their being, we do very much mean to denote and to sum up when we speak of the will of God, pleasing God, serving God. Let us keep firm footing on this basis of plain fact, narrow though it be.

To feel that one is fulfilling in any way the law of one’s being, that one is succeeding and hitting the mark, brings us, we know, happiness; to feel this in regard to so great a thing as conduct brings, of course, happiness proportionate to the thing’s greatness. We have had Quintilian’s witness, how right conduct gives joy. Who could value knowledge more than Goethe? but he marks it as being without question a lesser source of joy than conduct; conduct he ranks with health as beyond all compare primary; “nothing, *after health and virtue*,” he says, “can give so much satisfaction as learning and knowing.” And Bishop Butler, at the view of the happiness from conduct, breaks free from all that hesitancy and depression which so commonly hangs on his masterly thinking. “Self-love, methinks, should be alarmed! May she not pass over greater pleasures than those she is so wholly taken up with?” And Bishop Wilson, always hitting the right nail on the head in matters of this sort, remarks that “if it were not for the practical difficulties attending it, *virtue would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality*.” The practical difficul-

ties are indeed exceeding great; plain as is the course, and high the prize, we all find ourselves daily brought to say with the *Imitation*, "Would that for one single day we had lived in this world as we ought!" Yet the course is so evidently plain, and the prize so high, that the same *Imitation* cries out presently, "If a man would but take notice, what peace he brings himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself right!" And for such happiness, since certainly we ourselves did not make it, we instinctively feel grateful; according to that remark of one of the wholesomest and truest of moralists, Barrow: "He is not a man, who doth not delight to make some returns thither whence he hath found great kindness." And this sense of gratitude, again, is itself an addition to our happiness. So strong altogether is the witness and sanction happiness gives to going right in conduct, to fulfilling, so far as conduct is concerned, the law indicated to us of our being; and there can be no sanction to compare, for force, with the strong sanction of happiness, if it is true what Bishop Butler, who is here but the mouthpiece of humanity itself, says so irresistibly: "It is manifest that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness."

And now see how exactly Israel's perceptions about God follow and confirm this simple line, which we have here reached quite independently. First: "It is joy to the just to do judgment." Then: "It becometh well the just to be thankful." Finally: "A pleasant thing it is to be thankful." What can be simpler than this, and at the same time more solid? But again: "There is nothing sweeter than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal." "I will thank the Eternal for giving me warning." "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" Why, these are the very same propositions as the others, only with a power and depth of emotion added! Emotion has been applied to morality. God is here really, at bottom, a deeply moved way of saying, *conduct or righteousness*. Trust in God is trust in the law of conduct; *delight in the Lord* is, in a deeply moved way of expression, the happiness we all feel to spring from *conduct*. Attending to conduct, to judgment, makes the attender feel that it is joy to do it; attending to it more still, makes him feel that it is the commandment of the Eternal, and that the joy got from it is joy got from fulfilling the commandment of the Eternal. The thankful-

ness for this joy is thankfulness to the Eternal, and to the Eternal again is due that fresh joy which comes from this thankfulness. "The fear of the Eternal, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding." *The fear of the Eternal and to depart from evil* here mean, and are put to mean, just the same thing; yet what man of soul, after he had once risen to feel that to depart from evil was to walk in awful observance of an enduring clue, within us and without us, which leads to happiness, but would prefer to say, instead of *to depart from evil, the fear of the Eternal*? Henceforth, then, Israel transferred to this Eternal all his obligations. Instead of saying, "Whoso keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul," he said, "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for of him cometh my salvation." Instead of saying, "Bind them (the laws of righteousness) continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck," he said, "Have I not remembered Thee on my bed, and thought of Thee when I was waking?" The obligation of a grateful and devout self-surrender to the Eternal replaced all sense of obligation to one's own better self, one's own permanent welfare. The moralist's rule, "Take thought for your permanent, not your momentary, well-being," became now, "Honour the Eternal, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." That is, with Israel religion replaced morality. It is true, out of the humble yet divine ground of attention to conduct, of care for what in conduct is right and wrong, grew morality and religion both; but from the time the soul felt the motive of religion, it dropped, and could not but drop, the other. And the motive of doing right, to a sincere soul, is now really no longer his own welfare, but to please God; and it bewilders his consciousness if you tell him that he does right out of self-love. So that as we have said that the first man who, as a being of a large discourse, looking before and after, controlled the blind momentary impulses of the instinct of self-preservation, controlled the blind momentary impulses of the sexual instinct, had morality revealed to him; so, in like manner, we may say that the first man who was thrilled with gratitude, devotion, and awe at the sense of joy and peace, not of his own making, which followed the exercise of this self-control, had religion revealed to him. And, for us at least, this man was Israel.

And here, as we have already pointed out the falseness of the common antithesis

between *ethical* and *religious*, let us anticipate the objection that the religion now spoken of is but natural religion, by pointing out the falseness of the common antithesis, also, between *natural* and *revealed*. For that in us which is really natural is, in truth, *revealed*; we awake to the consciousness of it, we are aware of it coming forth in our mind, but we feel that we did not make it, that it is what it is whether we will or no; if we are little concerned about it, we say it is *natural*; if much, we say it is *revealed*. But the difference between the two is not one of kind, only of degree. The real antithesis to natural and revealed alike is *invented*, *artificial*; religion springing out of an experience of the power, the grandeur, the necessity of righteousness, is revealed religion, whether we find it in Sophocles or Isaiah; "the will of mortal men did not beget it, neither shall oblivion ever put it to sleep." A system of theological notions about personality, essence, existence, consubstantiality, is *artificial* religion, and is the proper opposite to *revealed*; since it is a religion which comes forth in no one's consciousness, but is invented by the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, and personages of their stamp,—able men with uncommon talents for abstruse reasoning. This religion is in no sense revealed, just because it is in no sense natural; and revealed religion is properly so named just in proportion as it is in a pre-eminent degree natural. The religion of the Bible, therefore, is revealed, because the great natural truth, that "righteousness tendeth to life," is seized and exhibited there with such incomparable force and efficacy. All, or very nearly all, the nations of mankind have recognized the importance of conduct, and have attributed to it a natural obligation. But "Sion heard of it and rejoiced, and the daughters of Judah were glad, because of thy judgments, O Eternal!" Happiness is our being's end and aim, and no one has ever come near Israel in feeling, and in making others feel, that *to righteousness belongs happiness*. The prodigies and the marvellous of Bible-religion are common to it with all religions; the love of righteousness, in this eminency, is its own.

The real germ of religious consciousness, therefore, out of which sprang Israel's name for God, to which the records of his history adapted themselves, and which came to be clothed upon, in time, with a mighty growth of poetry and tradition, was a consciousness of the *not ourselves which makes for righteousness*. And the

way to convince oneself of this is by studying their literature with a fair mind, and with the tact which letters, surely, alone can give. For the thing turns upon understanding the manner in which men have thought, their way of using words, and what they mean by them; and if to know letters is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world, then by knowing letters we become acquainted not only with the history, but also with the scope and powers of the instruments men employ in thinking and speaking; and this is just what is sought for. And with the sort of experience thus gained, objections, as we have said, will be found not so much to be refuted by logical reasoning as to fall of themselves. Is it objected: Why, if the Hebrews of the Bible had thus eminently the sense for righteousness, does it not equally distinguish the race now? But does not experience show us how entirely a change of circumstances may change a people's character; and have the modern Jews lost more of what distinguished their ancestors, or even so much, as the modern Greeks of what distinguished theirs? Where is now, among the Greeks, the dignity of life of Pericles, the dignity of thought and of art of Phidias and Plato? Is it objected, that the Jews' God was not the enduring power that makes for righteousness, but only their tribal God, who gave them the victory in the battle and plagued them that hated them? But how, then, comes their literature to be full of such things as, "Shew me thy ways, O Eternal, and teach me thy paths; lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me, for thou art the God of my salvation; in thee hath been my hope all the day long; let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I put my trust in thee." From the sense that with men thus guided and going right in goodness it could not but be well, that their leaf could not wither, and that whatsoever they did must prosper, would naturally come the sense that in their wars with an enemy the enemy should be put to confusion, and they should triumph; but how, out of the mere sense that their enemy should be put to confusion and they should triumph, could the desire for goodness come? Is it objected, that the law of the Lord was a positive traditional code to them, standing as a mechanical rule which held them in awe? that their fear of the Lord was superstitious dread of an assumed magnified and non-natural man? But why, then, are they always saying: "Teach me thy law, open mine eyes, make me to under-

stand wisdom secretly," if all the law they were thinking of stood stark and fixed before their eyes already; and what could they mean by: "*O knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy name.*" if the fear they meant was not the awe-filled observance from deep attachment, but a servile terror? Is it objected, that their conception of righteousness was a narrow and rigid one, centring mainly in what they called *judgment*; "*Hate the evil and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate;*" so that evil, for them, did not take in all faults whatever of heart and conduct, but meant chiefly oppression, graspingness, a violent, mendacious tongue, insolent and riotous excess? True; but whoever sincerely attends to conduct, along however limited a line, is on his way to bring under the eye of conscience all conduct whatever; and already, in the Old Testament, the somewhat monotonous inculcation of the social virtues of judgment and justice is continually broken through by deeper movements of personal religion; every time that the words *contrition* or *humility* drop from the lips of prophet or psalmist, Christianity appears. Is it objected, finally, that even their own narrow conception of righteousness they could not follow, but were perpetually oppressive, grasping, slanderous, sensual? Why, the very interest and importance of their witness to righteousness lies in their having felt so deeply the necessity of what they were so little able to accomplish! They had the strongest impulses in the world to violence and excess, the keenest pleasure in gratifying these impulses; and yet they had such a sense of the natural necessary connection between conduct and happiness, that they kept saying in spite of themselves: *To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God.*

Now manifestly this sense of theirs has a double force for the rest of mankind,—an evidential force and a practical force. its evidential force is in keeping in men's view, by the example of the single apparition in one branch of our race of the sense for conduct and righteousness, the reality and naturalness of that sense. Clearly, unless a sense or endowment of human nature, however in itself real and beneficent, has some signal representative among mankind, it tends to be pressed upon by other senses and endowments, to suffer from its own want of energy, and to be more and more pushed out of sight. Any one, for instance, who will go to the Potteries and will look at the tawdry, glaring, ill-proportioned

ware which is being made there for certain American and colonial markets, will easily convince himself how in our people and kindred the sense for the arts of design, though it is certainly planted in human nature, might dwindle and sink to almost nothing, if it were not for the witness borne to this sense and the protest offered against its extinction by the brilliant æsthetic endowment and artistic work of ancient Greece. One cannot look out over the world without seeing that the same sort of thing might very well befall conduct, too, if it were not for the great witness borne by Israel. Then there is the practical force of their example; and that is even more important. Every one knows how those who want to cultivate any sense or endowment in themselves must be habitually conversant with the works of people who have been eminent for that sense, must study them, catch inspiration from them; only in this way, indeed, can progress be made. And as long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest; and in hearing and reading the words they have left, carers for conduct will find a glow and a force they could find nowhere else. As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakspeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible. And this sense, in the satisfying of which we come naturally to the Bible, is a sense which the generality of men have far more decidedly than they have the sense for art or for science; at any rate, whether we have it decidedly or no, it is the sense which has to do with three-fourths of human life. This does truly constitute for Israel a most extraordinary distinction. In spite of all which in them and their character is unattractive, nay, repellent, in spite of their shortcomings even in righteousness itself and their insignificance in everything else, this petty, unsuccessful, unamiable people, without politics, without science, without art, without charm, deserve their great place in the world's regard, and are likely to have it greater, as the world goes on, rather than less. It is secured to them by the facts of human nature, and by the unalterable constitution of things. "God has given commandment to bless, and he hath blessed, and we cannot reverse it; he hath not seen iniquity in Jacob, and he hath not

seen perverseness in Israel; the Eternal, his God, is with him."

Any one does a good deed who removes stumbling-blocks out of the way of feeling and profiting by the witness left by this people; and so, instead of making them, mean in their use of the word God, a scientific affirmation which never entered into their heads, and about which many will dispute, let us content ourselves with making them mean, as matter of scientific fact and experience, what they really did mean as such, and what is unchallengeable. Let us put into their "Eternal" and "God" no more science than they did:—*the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.* They meant more by these names, but they meant this; and what they meant more they could not grasp fully, but this they grasped fully. The sense which this will give us for their words is at least solid, so that we may find it of use as a guide to steady us and to give us a constant clue in following what they say;—and is it so unworthy? It is true, unless we can fill it with as much feeling as they did, the mere possessing it will not carry us far. But matters are not much mended by taking their language of approximative figure and using it for the language of scientific definition; or by crediting them with our own dubious science, deduced from metaphysical ideas which they never had. A better way than this, surely, is to take their fact of experience, to keep it steadily for our basin in using their language, and to see whether from using their language with the ground of this real and firm sense to it, as they themselves did, somewhat of their feeling, too, may not grow upon us. At least we shall know what we are saying, and that that we are saying is true, however inadequate. But is this confessed inadequateness of our speech concerning that which we will not call by the negative name of the unknown and unknowable, but rather by the name of the unexplored and the inexpressible, and of which the Hebrews themselves said: *It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?*—is this reservedness of affirmation about God less worthy of him than the astounding particularity and license of affirmation of our dogmatists, as if he were a man in the next street? Nay, and nearly all the difficulties which torment theology,—as the reconciling God's justice with his mercy, and so on,—come from this particularity; theologians having precisely, as it would often seem, built up a wall, to run their own heads against it.

This is what comes of too much talent for abstract reasoning: one cannot help seeing the theory of causation and such things, where one should only see a far simpler matter,—the power, the grandeur, the necessity of righteousness. To be sure, a perception of these is at the bottom of popular religion, underneath all the extravagances theologians have taught people to utter, and makes the whole value of it. For the sake of this true practical preception one might be quite content to leave at rest a matter where practice, after all, is everything, and theory nothing; only, when religion is called in question because of the extravagances of theologians being passed off as religion, one disengages and helps religion by showing their utter delusiveness. They arose out of the talents of able men for reasoning, and their want (not through lack of talent, for the thing needs none; it needs only time, trouble, and a fair mind; but through their being taken up with their reasoning power) of literary experience. Unluckily, the sphere where they show their talents is one for literary experience rather than for reasoning; and this at the very outset, in the dealings of theologians with the starting-point of our religion, the experience of Israel as set forth in the Old Testament, has produced, we have seen, great confusion. Naturally, as we shall next see, the confusion becomes worse confounded as they proceed.

From The Spectator.

MR. ARNOLD'S LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

Few writers of the day can rival Mr. Arnold's skill in the Socratic art of introducing the deepest questions in an informal and almost incidental way,—of insinuating an original criticism which involves a creed, a philosophy, a principle of literary interpretation, under the pretext of defending Literature against the scorn in which it is held, as an instrument of culture, alike by the aristocratic society, the physical science, and the dogmatic theology of the day. No one would dream that an essay beginning in this easy informal fashion was intended to launch us into the discussion of the very essence of religion, and to propound a view as bold and novel, as it is we imagine untenable, of what the writers of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures invariably assumed under the name of 'God.' Yet that is the real drift of Mr. Arnold's beautifully written and delicately dogmat-

ic assault upon Dogma in the paper entitled "Literature and Dogma" in the July number of the *Cornhill*. It takes us down to the deepest of spiritual questions and pours into our ears a continuous stream of solvent and reconstructive criticism, full of fine irony, of persuasive earnestness, of imposing illustration, all in the easiest way, and under the slight disguise of an apology for the special tact and good sense which literary culture teaches, and which aristocratic arrogance, scientific absoluteness, and theological dogmatism uniformly neglect. Any one who wishes to know how to slide in after the fashion of Plato's Socrates, by an apparently familiar criticism on modern tendencies, the exposition of a new, momentous and subversive doctrine, without giving his readers previous notice of his drift, cannot do better than study some of Mr. Arnold's recent essays, but above all, this last on "Literature and Dogma."

For the real drift of Mr. Arnold's paper is no less than this, — to defend his own recent definition of the scientific substratum of the word "God" as that "stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being," — a definition on which we commented at the time he first published it in his remarkable essays on St. Paul, — and not only to defend it, but to maintain that it comprehends all that is essential even in the use made of the name of God in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. The definition itself is startling enough, if only on this account, that "the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being" is not to be distinctly discriminated from the stream of tendency by which so many things seem displaced, diverted, distorted from the law of their being, on any view except that which gives such a wholeness, such an individuality, such an integrity, such a unity to the former stream of tendency as to warrant the use of a word attributing to it life and knowledge and love. But the definition itself, to those who know what philosophy has formerly done in this way, is ordinary, compared with the critical thesis which follows. Mr. Arnold holds that the Hebrew and Christian teachers never grasped fully what they meant by "God" and "the Eternal" over and above "the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." And especially the freedom, life, and love which they attributed to God; — and which they had no better than a poetic right, according to Mr. Arnold, to attribute to him, since all such titles spring out of a tentative and hitherto un-

verified effort of the anthropomorphic imagination, — were apparently mere metaphors. This, we say, is startling criticism, for never before was it, as far as we know even so much as suggested that the Hebrew prophets and Christian apostles and evangelists grasped less fully the idea of the care, and mercy, and love by which they were surrounded, than they did the idea of "an enduring power, not ourselves which makes for righteousness;" and such assertion from the pen of an accomplished critic like Mr. Arnold, who always endeavours to see things truly, fills us less with surprise than with sheer bewilderment. It is, of course, open to any critic to maintain that the spiritual assumptions of Israel and of the disciples of Christ were made on insufficient data, but to question for a moment the fact that the very centre and root of those spiritual assumptions was the existence of life, thought, judgment, love in that "enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," to assert that they were even able to apprehend any such "stream of tendency," except as the self-manifestation of a living Being whose thoughts and ways are as much higher than our thoughts and ways, as "the Heavens are higher than the Earth," seems to us one of the mere eccentricities of self-willed criticism, and almost as different from the dry light of Mr. Arnold's usually impartial insight, as Dr. Cumming's readings of the Apocalypse would be from those of De Wette or Schenkel. Still it is a view which Mr. Arnold seems seriously to have embraced, and which he has tasked all the resources of his delicate literary skill to make to a certain extent plausible and natural.

Let us explain how Mr. Arnold gets at his certainly eccentric view. He says: —

"When we have once satisfied ourselves both as to the tentative, poetic way in which the Bible personages used language, and also as to their having no pretensions to metaphysics at all, let us, therefore, when there is this question raised as to the scientific account of what they had before their minds, be content with a very unpretending answer. And in this way such a phrase as that which we have formerly used concerning God, and have been much blamed for using, — the phrase, namely, 'that for science, God is simply the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being,' — may be allowed, and even prove useful. Certainly it is inadequate; certainly it is a less proper phrase than, for instance, 'Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.' But then it is, in however humble a degree and

with however narrow a reach, a *scientific* definition, which the other is not. The phrase, 'A personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe,' has also, when applied to God, the character, no doubt, of a scientific definition; but then it goes far beyond what is admittedly certain and verifiable, which is what we mean by scientific. It attempts far too much; if we want here, as we do want, to have what is admittedly certain and verifiable, we must content ourselves with very little. No one will say that it is admittedly certain and verifiable that there is a personal first cause, the moral and intelligent governor of the universe, whom we may call God if we will. But that all things seem to us to have what we call a law of their being, and to tend to fulfil it, is certain and admitted; though whether we will call this *God* or not is a matter of choice. Suppose, however, we call it *God*, we then give the name of *God* to a certain and admitted reality; this, at least, is an advantage. And the notion does, in fact, enter into the term *God*, in men's common use of it. To please God, to serve God, to obey God's will, does mean to follow a law of things which is found in conscience, and which is an indication, irrespective of our arbitrary wish and fancy, of what we ought to do."

Now we cannot help regarding this passage as containing very much less than Mr. Arnold's usual lucidity of thought. What induces the belief in "an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for Righteousness"? Can any one even conceive a real separation between the drift of tendency outside ourselves which "makes for Righteousness," and the drift and tendency outside ourselves which makes for what is other than Righteousness, except on condition that the former drift of tendency is directed by a living aim and love? The truth is that Mr. Arnold's expression appears to assume that what "makes for righteousness" has a distinct coherence, unity, and life of its own, and if so, what better name can we give to such coherence, unity, and life, than a name which implies purpose and love? Or if he does not assume this, if he means to leave it an open question whether or not the tendencies external to ourselves which "make for Righteousness" and those which make for Unrighteousness are all inextricably mixed up together, then, those which "make for Righteousness" have no more title to a separate name, and to be the object of distinct emotions, than the resolved elements which analysis substitutes for a single pulling or pushing force have any title to a separate name, or than the various inconsistent manifestations of the same human character have a right to be

completely disentangled in our emotions, as if they were not bound together by any concrete tie. Mr. Arnold is simply hiding his own difficulties from himself, like the ostrich hiding its head in the sand, when he attempts to justify our entertaining a distinct class of emotions towards an "enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for Righteousness," and yet to waive the question whether that power has any life, love, and unity of its own. If that power be isolated only by our own effort of abstraction, if it be nothing but what we discern in thought as contained within the Universal whole around us, as the sculptor discerns in thought the future statue within the block of marble from which it is to be carved, it is sheer self-delusion, almost self-trickery, to speak of it as "making for Righteousness" in any sense that deserves emotion at all. Do we when swimming for our lives feel grateful to the flowing tide because it "makes for land," when we know that at any moment, by a law with which our destiny is in no way connected, it may "make for sea," and carry us to our destruction? Should we think it rational to discriminate in emotion between that part of our daily bread which "makes for" health and that which "makes for" disease, and cherish grateful emotions towards the one, emotions of detestation to the other? Unless the "enduring power, not ourselves, that makes for Righteousness," does so from love of righteousness, it is worthy of no emotion at all, and if it does so from love of righteousness, then it is, so far, precisely what we mean by personal.

Mr. Arnold defines religion as "morality touched with emotion." That is a question of words, though we believe that, as a question of words, it is a mistake to exclude from Religion what it contains in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand in which it is employed, namely, the *particular* emotion created by faith in a living and guiding will, and that there is no reason at all for saying, as Mr. Arnold does, that such a maxim as "he that resisteth pleasures crowneth his life," contains more than morality, only because there is a certain vividness of feeling in the expression. He might as well say that this is religion,—it is certainly morality touched with emotion:—

"I said my heart is all too soft,
He who would climb and soar aloft
Must needs keep ever at his side
The tonic of a wholesome pride."

Do we provide a separate name for political insight when touched with emotion? for scientific insight when touched with emotion? If not, why provide one for morality when touched with emotion, unless that emotion introduces an entirely distinct element, the relation of the moral agent to an invisible love and will which provides the *explanation* of the enhancement of moral feeling into religious feeling? Now, let us take some of Mr. Arnold's illustrations from the Bible, and ask wherein lies the real distinction which he recognizes between the purely moral and the religious sayings:—

"First: 'It is joy to the just to do judgment.' Then: 'It becometh well the just to be thankful.' Finally: 'A pleasant thing it is to be thankful.' What can be simpler than this, and at the same time more solid? But again: 'There is nothing sweeter than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal.' 'I will thank the Eternal for giving me warning.' 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!' Why, these are the very same propositions as the others, only with a power and depth of emotion added! Emotion has been applied to morality. God is here really, at bottom, a deeply moved way of saying, *conduct* or *righteousness*. Trust in God is trust in the law of conduct; *delight in the Lord* is, in a deeply moved way of expression, the happiness we all feel to spring from *conduct*."

Is it not obvious to the simplest critical intelligence not pre-occupied with a theory, that one who speaks of "the sweetness of heeding the *commandments* of the Eternal," of "*thanking* the Eternal" for giving him "*warning*," who commemorates the preciousness of the "*thoughts* of God," is speaking of a being who commands, who warns, who thinks, who loves, and that if this assumption were excluded from his mind, all the power and depth of the emotion would go with it? Let us try the most deeply-moved way of substituting "*conduct*," or "*righteousness*" for "God" we can, and see if by any artifice, be it what we will, we can exclude the idea of life and love, and yet speak with emotion of the sweetness of the commandments of "an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for Righteousness," or of thanking "an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for Righteousness," for giving us warning, or of the preciousness of the thoughts of "an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for Righteousness?" The effort is simply impossible. Just so far as we slide back the thought and life and love into Mr. Arnold's non-committal phrase, and only so far, can we use with-

out absurdity the emotional language which the Psalmist uses. Sedulously exclude that thought and life and love from your meaning, and you find that you are betrayed into a language of ridiculously paradoxical and unmeaning emotion towards something about as capable of kindling it as that "pure being" of Hegel's, which his system begins by assuring us is "pure nothing." In one word, Mr. Arnold's "enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," is incapable of generating emotion unless we attribute to it thought and will and love; and if we attribute that to it, there is no pretence for excluding even the idea of personality, whatever modifications in it we may admit to be needful in rising from the finite to the infinite. It is not an emotion in the abstract which turns morality into religion, it is the particular kind of emotion due to the faith we entertain in a being of thought and love and will. If we have no justification for that faith, we have no justification for the emotion, and the emotion will disappear. It is with unaffected wonder that we find Mr. Arnold seriously asserting that that which gives substance and solidity to the Jewish and Christian religious feeling is not the belief in personal justice, pity, and love, but simply the belief in a law of conduct the origin of which in personal or impersonal sources is a matter of indifference. The Jews, he says, and says truly, were not metaphysicians. No doubt. If they had discovered what personality means ever so much, they would have felt the personality of God no more than they did. But it is precisely because they were not metaphysicians that it never even occurred to them to think of "an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," as worth any emotion at all, unless there were thought and knowledge and justice and love inherent in that power.

Mr. Arnold says that his own definition of God is less "adequate" than the language of the Psalmist "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat;"—*why* less adequate, unless these poetical words, which go beyond science in Mr. Arnold's opinion, go beyond it in the direction of filling up with more truth than error the suggestions and implications of science? Yet if this be so, the suggestions and implications which lead the mind to use personal analogies are truer than those which lead it away from those analogies, and in that case the ques-

tion which Mr. Arnold is so anxious to reserve is really prejudged already. An impartial critic reading such language as the Bible habitually uses of God has only three alternatives before him, — to declare that that language, being utterly rooted as it is in the faith that God rules freely, justly, piteously, lovingly, is true, or is false, or is grounded on an assumption not yet known to be either true or false. In either of the latter cases it ought to be utterly rejected by science; — if false because it is false, — if premature because it tends to prejudice a most momentous and unsettled question. To assert that this language is the most adequate that can be employed, and yet that our decision as to the existence of a free, just, pitying, loving ruler of the universe ought to be suspended, is a paradox quite unworthy of any fine critic. "Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the Heavens: and thy faithfulness unto the clouds. Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains: thy judgments are like the great deep. . . . How excellent is thy mercy, O God: and the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. . . . For with thee is the well of life: and in thy light shall we see light." "Now is my soul troubled, and

what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour? Yet for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name!" If these are some of the most "adequate" expressions of religious feeling in the Old and New Testament, they are adequate not primarily through the depth of their emotion, but through the adequacy of the Object which is assigned for the emotion so expressed, and without that Object the emotion would be not only impossible, but, if possible, unmanly and unworthy. That Mr. Arnold should justify such emotion without justifying the faith which is its very principle and substance, seems to us to render questionable what Mr. Arnold is concerned to affirm, that the school of literature is a school of lucidity and common-sense. The Bible may have a true meaning, or it may have none as yet ascertained, but if it has a true meaning at all, it cannot possibly be going beyond what is "certain and verifiable" in the assumption which runs from its first page to its last, — that God *thinks*, though his thoughts are as much higher than our thoughts as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that God *loves*, though "as far as the east is from the west" so much greater is his love than our own.

The *Gaulois* publishes what one may hope is the commencement of an amusing correspondence. The first letter is from M. Bernot, head of the College of Châteaudun, to M. le Baron Unterreichter, orderly officer of General Baron von der Tann, Ratisbonne. It runs thus: —

Baron, — the 28th of November last you were at Châteaudun, which was taken after a fight of nine hours, not very glorious for the Prussian arms, since 18,000 men, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, were pitted against 1,200 men. You took up your quarters at my friend's the apothecary, where we met. After dinner, in the joy caused by your success, you boasted about the power of Prussia, her immense forces, and admirable military organization, which no other nation could resist. Greatly excited, you fixed the date of your triumphal entry into Paris, and fixed the following itinerary: — "In two days we shall be at Orleans, in eight days at Tours, and in three weeks in Paris." As I contested this last assertion, you said, "Well, I bet my head against yours that we shall enter Paris before the 1st of January." The bet was taken. Not having entered Paris before the 1st of January, you have lost, and your head belongs to me. As a man of honour and as a gentleman you owe it to me, and I count upon your word. But do not torment your-

self, Baron; I am not a man of blood, and prefer seeing heads where the Creator placed them. For this reason I propose a settlement. You shall keep your head, which is no doubt precious to you, and would be a great nuisance to me; but as compensation you will give me 10,000 £, which shall be laid out in relieving the victims of the war — Receive, &c. &c. (Signed) BERNOT.

The Baron's answer is anxiously expected. Will he prefer sending his head or the money? The poor of Châteaudun, who are interested in the settlement, eagerly watch the arrival of the mail bags. Grimm tells an anecdote in his correspondence of King Henry VIII. having, for some reason not mentioned, demanded the head of the Bishop of Montauban, whereupon the French monarch replied that the prelate in question had not got one. Bluff King Hal was tickled at the answer, and did not press the demand. A joke in those days evidently went a long way, but it is to be hoped that our Bavarian baron will not be allowed to escape so easily, and that he will either undergo public execution or hand out his thalers.

Pall Mall.

From Saint Pauls.

THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

THE obscure hunter who first, in the heat of his admiration, gave the name of devil to the Ursian sarcophilus, probably dreamt little that the title would not only remain to the species, but that a learned naturalist would one day endow the kind with the generic Diabolus, adapted unmistakably from Garth's energetic sobriquet.

The original term was indeed more homely still—in fact, too low and trivial to have survived in serious print; and Garth owes it, no doubt, to his immediate and prudent substitution of the more parliamentary term of devil, that he remains the founder of the family name.

Garth was an illiterate farm domestic, employed chiefly as a ranger by his master, Lazarus Hart. His history begins and ends with the one solitary incident connecting his name with the sarcophilus, and he is entirely indebted to the subsequent fame of that distinguished quadruped for being remembered at all in the annals of Tasmania.

Lazarus Hart, on the contrary, was one of the few independent settlers surviving at the granting of the charter. His reputation is founded on a lifelong struggle with adversity, ending in a triumph achieved too late to be enjoyed by himself, but infinitely profitable to his children and successors. It is not the place in these pages to sketch his history as a model colonist, but he has every claim to be noticed as a naturalist of merit, and especially in connection with the life and habits of the devil.

I had never the satisfaction of seeing old Hart himself. He had been for some years dead when, accidentally in London, I made the acquaintance of his son Elias. His son's first words were addressed to me in the form of a rebuke, too well deserved to be not acutely felt, but I had ample solace in the friendship that ensued. We were a large party assembled as guests of a common friend, and all sportsmen of more or less pretensions. We were recounting in turn our adventures, and as I had acquired less fame in a recent campaign than I thought myself entitled to, I am afraid I betrayed ill-humour in my appreciation of the doings of others. I remember I inveighed especially against the modern fashion of extolling the Australian brotherhood, whose exploits I regarded as mild recreations when contrasted with ours in the East. I had no curiosity, I said, to essay my arms beyond the ancient continent. I had encountered

in Europe the bear and the wild boar, the jaguar in America, and in Asia and on the coast of Africa the leopard and the buffalo. I was aware I had still hard labour to perform to earn a name, and from the accounts that reached me Algeria seemed the field of all others for a huntsman resolved at least to deserve renown, although perhaps not destined to secure it. "What business," I added pompously, "had a sportsman who is in earnest, to waste his prime in trapping wombats or in coursing boomers over the easy plains of New South Wales, whilst the lioness leaps, with her cub in her mouth, over the garden gates of Blidah? Why, gentlemen, there isn't an animal in all Australia that, in open ground, would face my old hound Hero!"

"That's all you know about it, master," said Elias Hart, with a smile of assurance that left me no hope of his being wrong. "I can tell you of a creature,—it is true no longer found in Australia properly so called, but still common enough in the remoter backwoods of Van Diemen's Land,—that would not only face your Hero in the open country, but would refuse to move an inch out of his path to let a drove of bullocks pass. Did you never hear of the Tasmanian devil?"

No; I had never heard of the Tasmanian devil. I had imagined, on the contrary, that the zebra-wolf, and the dingo, or native wild dog, were the only carnivorous quadrupeds not positively insignificant on the whole continent and in all the islands of the new world. It was nearly two years later that the first authentic notice appeared in print of the Ursian sarcophilus, or Texus Diabolus of Gray. I therefore listened with greedy ears to Hart's highly interesting, though somewhat inelegant, narration.

"The devil," he continued, "is a beast of about the size of a large bulldog, in appearance something between a polecat and a bear, but in kind a poucher, like the opossum or the kangaroo. There are devils in nature of many kinds and characters. The wild cat is a devil, the rat is a devil, and so are the fox, the Indian buffalo, the stone marten, and the zebra. But the devil of devils is the devil proper, or, as they called him formerly in the blue report books, the Ursian sarcophilus. And it is not only we English that call him devil, his name in French is diable, and in German teufel, and I am told the Royal Society has given the Latin name of devil to the whole race.

"His natural propensities are those of

the gluttonous or sluggish kind, and he will be quiet enough when gorged with flesh and left to undisturbed repose, but the slightest provocation, the merest and most unintentional observation will turn him at once into a veritable fiend. He then becomes instantly the very type of senseless fury, attacking all before him, dead or living, and flying with equal fierceness at a mastiff or a barn-door. Nor is there, whilst life is left to him, either truce or quarter; as long as a shred of flesh remains to tear, or a last bone to shatter, he fights on regardless of the numbers that surround him, or of his own subsiding strength, until at length his jaws snap faintly, and his life goes gradually out with an infernal snarl.

"Though taken young, and brought up in captivity, his nature undergoes not the slightest modification. He lives to the last the same surly life, and usually dies in some mad struggle with the bars of his cage. After years of experience he repeats the same acts of profitless and exhausting frenzy. Without apparent motive he rushes at the wall, beating the air like a rabid lunatic, uttering long growls that seem to choke him, till they break out suddenly into a piercing bark. He shows not the smallest attachment to his guardians or feeders, whom he menaces and swears at from the moment they approach him till they pass completely out of sight. When tired out or overfed he becomes stupid and sleepy, rolls himself up into a corner, and falls into a leaden slumber from which it is not always easy to rouse him. Nothing can be cheaper than to feed him. He will be satisfied for days together with huge bones, which he cracks up like biscuit, and usually swallows entirely.

"The full-grown devil is an animal of strange appearance. His coat is rough, and looks like a blanket brushed the wrong way; the head and stomach are of a brownish black; the tail is black also, but with a large patch of white just above the insertion. An apron of white covers the chest, and there are spots of white on the muzzle and the front paws. In the wild state his habits are nocturnal, and he appears as sensitive as an owl to the action of the solar rays. Whilst the sun remains on high, he keeps within the clefts of the rocks, or under the roots of trees, where he sleeps so soundly that the noisiest pack may pass in quest of him without awaking him; but no sooner do the shades begin to fall, than he issues forth in search of prey, and then, woe to

the living thing that passes windward within scent. Beast or bird, large or little, all fall before him in instantaneous helplessness. Once fairly griped, the victim, whatever his kind, is doomed inevitably. A feeble squeak, an unconscious struggle, and all is hushed except the muffled crepitation of bones smashed up and swallowed with the flesh that covers them, the impartial monster making no distinction of morsels.

"His gait is something similar to that of the brown bear. In walking he plants on the ground the entire sole, which imparts to his movements a kind of solemnity in keeping with his heavy structure. He is, nevertheless, more active than he seems, and hunts with an agility scarcely surpassed by his enemy and neighbour, the Tasmanian wolf. In pursuit of his prey he gives tongue like the jackal, and his peculiar voice, resembling a grunt and a bark emitted simultaneously from the same mouth, betrays him at times to the impatient huntsman who has quitted his fatiguing ambush for the chance of a casual encounter.

"Contrary to what might be expected, the flesh of the *sarcophilus* is succulent and good. It is said to be in taste like veal. It is certain that the esteem it was held in by the original settlers was not the least of the many causes of his total extinction in almost all the inhabited districts of Tasmania.

"The female bears from three to five cubs, which she carries about with her in her pouch until they grow too big to get into it. She loves them tenderly and licks them conscientiously, and no doubt, to save or shield them, she would attack an army, or plunge into a blazing fire. This is a redeeming quality, and the devil is entitled to his due.

"His voracity renders him an easy prey to the trappers. The clumsiest snare suffices, provided it be strong enough to hold him. Any bait attracts him that can be seen or scented — a dead bird, a piece of flesh, a fish, a knot of mussels, or even a lump of lard. He rushes blindly upon all that tempts his appetite, and has been found transfixed upon a greasy spike used in a tanner's yard for stretching skins.

"It is more difficult to secure him by means of dogs. No single dog will attack him twice, and he will fight any number, till he falls completely exhausted. His great strength, his rage and intrepidity, and, above all, his fearful teeth, sometimes against incalculable odds, determine in his favour a mortal strife, in which at first

no chance of life seemed possible. The huntsman arriving, finds the quarry gone, and the humble hounds dispersed or disconcerted.

"The early colonists had much to suffer from the ravages of these animals, which glided stoat-like into their unprotected yards, and destroyed in single nights entire stocks of pigs and poultry. They were consequently forthwith marked for vengeance and extermination. Snares were laid for them in all directions, hunts were organized, and trackers engaged and paid by contribution. It followed that the devils diminished with sensible rapidity, whilst those that remained took gradually refuge in the thickest woods and rockiest caverns, till at length they disappeared completely from their ancient haunts, and were only to be seen or heard of in distant or inaccessible retreats.

"The settlers were at first quite ignorant of the sort of animal they had to deal with, and a story is told of a young Dutch colonist of the name of Breeboorst, who lay in wait one night to take revenge on what he supposed to be an opossum or a dasyure. Armed with a stick, he waited long for the coming of his imagined enemy, and was just about to dismiss the boy that kept him company, when he heard a rustling amongst some dry leaves which he had strewn expressly at the entrance of the henroost. He thereupon, with a plank, closed quickly the hole through which he supposed the yard to have been entered, and ran forward to confound the robber face to face. At first he could perceive nothing, but presently descried two small eyes intent upon his movements from an adjoining shed. Nothing doubting, he ran forward, and aimed at the marauder's head what he deemed to be a decisive blow. The next moment he found himself on the ground moaning with pain, and remembered no more till he discovered himself in bed, with his father on one side, and on the other a veterinary surgeon, who was the only doctor in the colony. It appeared the blow had been no sooner struck than the devil had rushed on his aggressor, and seizing him fiercely by the lower part of the leg, had thrown him with violence to the ground. At this moment the boy, with great presence of mind, had let loose the dog, which in turn had flown at the devil and diverted his attention from the prostrate youth. The dog was killed in the encounter, and the devil would have returned to his former victim had not the youth's father arrived in time, and para-

lysed the desperate animal with a gunshot close from the muzzle. The bone of the leg was splintered, and young Breeboorst was long in recovering. He afterwards vowed vengeance on the whole race of devils, and became in time the most determined and foremost of their persecutors. He is still alive and takes pleasure in relating how the vexation retarded his recovery when he learnt that the infernal brute which had well-nigh bitten his leg off had been allowed to escape with its life. The father had supposed it dead, but the tenacious villain had revived during the flurry of the adventure, and had profited by it to depart unseen."

Hart here resumed the thread of his personal experience, which he had quitted to discourse a moment on the natural history of the singular quadruped he had brought before us. He told us how for years his father and kindred had grappled with famine and fever in lands which he aptly described as refractory to human intrusion, and how at last they had surmounted all obstruction and installed a thriving farm amidst the astonished marshes of Fort Morecomb. Hart's choicest hunting feats were those achieved in pursuit of animals for daily food, but none were to me so attractive as those where the game was the Tasmanian devil. Of these he recounted several, and amongst them was the incident already noticed, where we made the acquaintance of the ranger Garth, whose happy coarseness had extemporised a name, which experience had found appropriate, and science at length adopted. The Ursian sarcophilus had before that time been called at hazard the Tasmanian boar-wolf, the piebald bear, the grizzly badger, and sometimes even the Australian badger, a name since given to the phascolum or wombat, the happiest and least offensive of the whole marsupial family.

Hart's business in England was to fetch from Cornwall, and take back with him to Australia, two orphan nieces, the last of his father's family remaining in Europe. On the eve of his departure, some weeks afterwards, I bade him adieu with something of a longing heart. I had, nevertheless, no notion at that moment of going in the same direction. It was not till long afterwards, when his words had worn me with their incessant echo, that I began to think seriously of passing into Austral latitudes. Elias was no more a carpet Nimrod than his father. He had been a real and rugged adventurer, and like those of all genuine sportsmen, his

accounts were unexaggerated and his good faith sure. I felt, therefore, founded in believing I should find the devil not only a grim and desperate antagonist, but one to which an ambitious huntsman might worthily attach his name, as Paul to the Indian tiger, and Adrian MacCulloch to the shark.

Whilst absorbed one day in these reflections old Hero came into my bedroom. He had been my companion over two-thirds of the globe, and it was fair he should be now consulted on what concerned him, if possible, more intimately than it did myself. "Hero shall decide!" I exclaimed unconsciously aloud, and taking him caressingly by the two ears, I asked him if he felt game to go with me to Australia, and there have a shake with the devil. The dog smiled, and wagged his tail; and I then and there decided at once to go.

I could have started immediately, had I chosen to go in a convict ship, and four months later I could have secured a privileged cabin in a Government packet. I adopted a middle, and as it turned out, a more commodious course, by engaging a berth in an emigrant vessel bound for Sydney, and advertised to sail from Gravesend in the course of the ensuing month. I had written to Hart, and was anxious to be his disciple for a few weeks, in order to save golden time, and in order, if possible, to do the right thing first. He resided in a house built entirely by his children and himself, at an almost unknown place, called Settler's Increment, and situate half-way between Sydney and Inlet Corner. From Inlet Corner I was informed there were merchant ships sailing often for Van Diemen's Land; the destination of Sydney was, therefore, the best that could have offered.

I arrived at Sydney the day before Christmas Day, after the sulkiest voyage I ever remember. The passengers, though three parts paupers, avowed or in reality, were perpetually mysterious and false, telling untrue stories about their past, and giving themselves airs to maintain fictitious actualities. They were, moreover, dirty in their persons, and idle and trifling in their ways, or only serious when gambling. I wished the colony joy of such an ungainly cargo. Hero excepted, and a dog belonging to no one, the captain, and some few of the crew, were the only amiable beings in the ship; but these latter were occupied incessantly, the winds being adverse continually, and the weather occasionally tempestuous. My pleasant-

est souvenir of the "Julia Boulton" is the captain's astonishment on partaking of a gannet, which I had shot on board, and which I insisted on cooking before him. He declared at first he would never touch it; but the fumes of the roast seduced him and, after sending in his plate for a second help, he candidly admitted that gannet was as good as duck. The sole secret is to skin the bird as soon as shot, and then quickly to remove the fat and oil-glands, before the flesh has time to catch the rancid taste of the secretions.

I had business at Sydney, and an introduction to a banker. My business was soon over. It lay with a doubtful debtor, to whom I had years ago lent thirty pounds, and as I had kept the statute running, and had claimed interest under the Act of George, I hoped in part to defray my excursion, and, what was of far more value, to excuse myself to Hart for having gone out of my way by a circuit of two hundred miles. My chance of being paid was the more promising that my friend was said to be amassing money. My first care was, therefore, to look him up, and I was too well served by fortune in my researches to trace him home. My first and only informant was by mere chance an inspector of police, who was able to inform me that my debtor had been in Sydney gaol for the last six months for embezzling wool, and had a year and a half to stay there to complete his time.

My visit to the banker was scarcely more engaging. At first he received me civilly enough, though somewhat condescendingly; but on my happening to use the word "colonial," in reference to his house, he informed me haughtily that well-bred people reserved that word for gum and sugar, and were at the pains to find some less contemptuous term for the establishments of the gentry of the town; and I have since read in a book on Australia that the use of the word "colonial" is expected to be confined by strangers exclusively to the produce of the country, and that visitors from home give great offence by applying it to the inhabitants of the towns.

The few other folks I met with seemed equally determined to keep me in my place. Mortifying hints were whispered at my side at dinner about the rise and fall of empires. Historical comparisons were drawn and commented on, with applications intended evidently for my especial humiliation. In connection with home I could hear of nothing but old-world fallacy, stagnation, selfishness, pro-

tection, aristocracy, prejudice, atrophy, and extinction, whilst all out here was freshness, progress, freedom, life, and renovation. One young lady told me that the British oak was doomed to wither, in order to make room for the Australian gum-tree, whose roots were destined to monopolize the soil. Of course this made me feel very small indeed, and I was quite concerned about the British oak; but what could I do to prevent its withering, if the gum-tree wanted so much room? At last I apologised for belonging to the mother-country, and was allowed to depart with a severe admonition.

Refreshing indeed after all this was my reception at the home of Elias Hart. On arriving at Settler's Increment, I put up at an inn which stood invitingly at the entrance to the village. For this Hart reproached me in a tone that touched me to the quick, and he then immediately despatched a man with a mule and cart to fetch my luggage, and at the same time to take a sheep to the innkeeper as a compensation for the loss of his guest.

Hart's interior was a model of unostentatious comfort, and his hospitality of that unobtrusive kind which allows the guest to exist unconsciously; a contrast to the afflictive zeal of certain hosts, of which the defenceless victim lives in hourly and nervous dread. His family consisted of himself, his wife and sister, nine children, and four labouring domestics. Nearly everything consumed or worn by the family was manufactured on the farm, the corn ground, the wool bleached and spun, and the horse-shoes forged and fitted. Hart bade me observe that he had reached the point where specie was the least required, and further that he economised the profits of the miller, the baker, the butcher, and most other intermediates. He admitted, however, that such an Arcadian state would be impossible in denser civilization, or where land was costly, or required to be tilled expensively.

He was at this time suffering from the effects of an accident, and I joined his family in dissuading him from accompanying me to Van Diemen's Land. I had written him from London, and though I had informed him I should start before I could receive an answer, he had replied on the chance of my delaying, and in his letter he had engaged himself to go with me. It was now, however, arranged otherwise, and he gave me instead a letter to Augustus Hamilton, of Woolnorth, whom he told me I should find a sportsman of the right sort, although bred in London, and a Cockney

both in speech and physiognomy. Notwithstanding this assurance, the name of Augustus Hamilton inspired me with involuntary awe, and I shuddered at the recollection of the swells of Sydney; but I quieted my fear with a mental promise to be vigilant, and especially circumspect in employing the term colonial.

Six weeks later I had passed the straits, and was jolting fast but heavily, towards Woolnorth in the postman's car. I found Augustus Hamilton in bed, in a very dirty kitchen, with live fowls on his table pecking at the remains of his supper. He sprang to the ground on seeing me; wiped a chair for me with a stocking, and was soon shaved and ready to receive me becomingly. I gave him Hart's letter, and also a packet of which I had taken charge for him, and which appeared to me, with other things, to contain money. We were very soon sworn friends, and I perceived with satisfaction that Hart's estimate of his friend was correct. I was nevertheless besieged in his presence with a vague, but ever-recurring souvenir. I had certainly seen that face before, but I was quite unable to seize the recollection. At last, in a moment of animation, his features took an expression which distinctly recalled to me his identity, and I asked him without hesitation whether he had not seen me before. The question seemed to make him uneasy, and he replied in the negative. I then said, "You cannot have forgotten me in Cursitor Street. Is not your real name Nathan Cocksedge?"

Poor fellow! he assented in a tone of chagrin, which made me regret bitterly that I had been so clever. He seemed, however, to be relieved in the end that that there were no more secrets between us, and as I tendered him my hand, I assured him that Augustus Hamilton should be to me thenceforth inviolable, and that Nathan Cocksedge was consigned to oblivion. My acquaintance with Hamilton, as he must now be called, arose out of things by no means grateful to my memory. My friends had fondly destined me to become an attorney, and I had gone so far in the profession as to complete my articles with the bygone firm of Brooking and Surr, of Lombard Street. Those were the good old times of the red-tails, the rare old days of the declaration-books and the special originals, when, in a twinkling, for a debt of forty shillings, you could put a struggling tradesman to a cost of as many pounds. Those were the days of arrest on mesne process, of bail in chambers, of bum-bailiffs, nabsters, and

men of straw. The calling of a town attorney was then indeed a scald upon the face of London, and richly justified the mordant sarcasms of Pope and Johnson. The country attorney shared in the profits, but was not always privy to the oppressive working.

During my apprenticeship Hamilton was known to me by reputation both as a nabster and a man of straw. A nabster was a sheriff's bull-dog, or sub-aid to an under-sheriff's officer's man. His business was to fly provisionally at the throat of a refractory defendant, and pin him till the arrival of a legal reinforcement. Of course he was responsible for all sorts of consequences, but it was seldom advisable to attack him. A man of straw was a mysterious and taciturn individual, who paced round Cliffords Inn with a single straw sticking accidentally into the side of his shoe. To this individual resorted the unscrupulous suitor who was hard pressed for a witness, a deponent, or a surety, and it was old Brooking himself who convicted Hamilton of some such delinquency, and procured him a year's imprisonment in the city gaol.

On the whole I think I detected in my breast a Pharisaical satisfaction at finding myself the patron and secret-holder of a grateful sinner. In any case I felt no kind of repugnance at accepting his useful and devoted friendship. I felt, moreover, that the change of name and scene, the distance from temptation, the contact with wild beasts and virgin clods, the unsparing sacrifice of his person, and the long privations of the bush, had thoroughly condoned his wickedness, and restored his being to its rightful and natural condition. I was perplexed to know how it came that, with such an unrustic youth, he had become so hardened and adventurous a ranger. He replied that I had only known him in his ostensible profession. He had subsisted chiefly by poaching in the night at Kingsbury, and that his arm having been there broken in a fight with the keepers, he had been driven to the unholy trade which had ended so unhappily in London. We then moralized awhile on the cutting circles of our small existence, and agreed that our present meeting, so singular in appearance, was, in reality, as natural as the least surprising of our daily occurrences, and we then dismissed the subject, to devote ourselves exclusively to the engrossing business which had brought us together.

A week's preparation enabled us to start for Nobbler's End, where Hamilton

informed me we should procure fit men and dogs for the dangerous game we were in quest of. We took with us, in the way of food and cooking utensils, what seemed to me an embarrassing provision; but it turned out to be none too ample for our need. We should, indeed, have been thankful for an extra supply of brandy, of which I imagined we were taking a most suggestive and compromising quantity. At Nobbler's End we had to wait five days for the return of a party of rangers, who were gone for wood to the forest of Little Hampshire. I, for one, however, declared myself well paid for the delay. The men brought back with them, emptied and in good preservation, a brace of bandicoots and a good supply of parrots, poplocks, bister pigeons, and several other kinds of birds. All these I was curious to taste, and found them to be, without exception, excellent. I am convinced there is little, if any, flesh or fish in creation not fit for human food, if scientifically cured and cooked with skill.

At length, through alternate tracts of sand and brushwood, we reached the limit of the Little Hampshire flats, and proceeded up the Spalding Hills, in serious pursuit of the Ursian sarcophilus. Our party consisted of six men, including Hamilton and myself, and seven dogs, including Hero. I felt at times a little nervous about poor old Hero, notwithstanding his spiked collar and his prodigious strength. I knew his courage, and dreaded to see him smart for it undeservedly, from his entire ignorance of his opponent's mode of warfare. I was told the devil, once roused, entirely neglects his own defence, and thinks only of wounding his aggressor. When attacked by a dog, his plan is to seize it by the fore leg, and if he gets fair hold, the bone snaps at once, and the dog limps off disabled. Hero had earned applause in many a sanguinary fight, and I felt truly pained at the thought of witnessing his defeat in his old age, and possibly his death, from the grip of the hideous beast we were expecting to encounter; and I felt the more touchy on the subject, that Hero had become the admiration of the hired rangers, who were provokingly impatient to see him, as they expressed it, "tackle a devil fasting." Fasting applies to the animal when roused from his sleep in the daytime, a proceeding which redoubles his natural irritability, and which he resents with his utmost ferocity.

I was startled from this unpleasant reverie by the report of a gun some yards

ahead of me, and presently Hamilton presented me with a charming little grey, quadruped with yellow feet, of about the size of a guinea-pig. It is known classically as the *Antechinus flavipes*, but goes popularly by the name of the yellow-footed pouch mouse. It was a female specimen, and had the pouch sufficiently developed. I skinned it on the spot, and have still the spoils at home. The remains we cooked for supper, and had only to regret that they afforded us so scanty a repast.

The next chance of a shot was mine. I was attracted by a rustling behind me, and, turning quickly, was in time to take aim at an animal of about the size of a rabbit, just as it was about to disappear in the hole of an immense tree. I fired, and the animal fell amongst the lower branches, where it hung lifeless and unreachable. Hamilton climbed the tree like a cat, and threw me my shot which I was highly impatient to examine. It turned out to the long-eared pig-foot, so called from the length of its ears, and an extremely faint resemblance of its feet to those of the hog. It was first named the tailless cherop by its discoverer, Michael Edwards, who caught it alive in the hole of a tree, and found it to be without a tail. Other specimens were, however, taken afterwards with tails nearly a foot long, and it became clear that the first individual had merely lost his tail by accident. The name continued nevertheless through the vice of habit, until Gray inscribed the animal with authority under the name of *Castanotos*, from the chestnut colour of its fur. This animal also is a marsupial, as indeed are nine-tenths of the quadrupeds of Australasia. Owen tried to explain the phenomenon as a provision of nature against the effects of drought. "What," he writes, "would become of the helpless young ones whilst the mother was gone, perhaps a two days' journey, in search of water? It is necessary she should take them with her, and for this purpose the pouch is indispensable." But Owen's theory broke down before the instance of the dingo, which is not a marsupial, and which exists and thrives under the very conditions which Owen regards as fatal.

Meanwhile we had been able to discover no trace of the *sarcophilus*, and Hamilton gave orders for returning to our encampment at Nobbler's End, and there packing up for a longer journey westward. A two day's march from the camp brought us to the edge of an immense plain bestrewn

with loose stones over which we had a fatiguing pull of nearly three hours. On the other side, passing westward, we came to an acclivity covered with tall herbage, and interspersed with rocks. Towards evening we reached a sort of rocky platform, from which Hamilton pointed out a spot in the distance where he had assisted in killing a *sarcophilus*, and afterwards in roasting and eating it. It was there, he said, we should find the devil if anywhere. The place, he believed, had been undisturbed for years, and he knew there were devils in the neighbourhood.

The whole of that day and the next was spent in beating fruitlessly the covers. We then moved higher, as Hamilton began to suspect the game had been molested recently, and had found by experience that the rocks were safer than the bushes. At nightfall we held a council, and determined to keep watch till moonlight, on the chance of surprising a *sarcophilus* hunting on scent, at which time, as has been said, the animal betrays its passage by its voice. The dogs were then chained up and the fire extinguished. Towards midnight I fancied I heard the grunt of a pig, and suddenly remembering that the voice of the *sarcophilus* was said to be something similar, I called softly to Hamilton, and bade him listen. But Hamilton had no need of my warning; he had caught the grunt himself, though farther off, and I heard him fall immediately at full length on the ground. I did the same without knowing why, but I learned afterwards that Hamilton had taught himself to interrogate the ground like a native bushman. Presently I heard the grunt again, but less distinctly. Hamilton lay still, and so did I, though I began to get tired of a posture which seemed to me a waste of caution, as, whether up or down, it was too dark to be seen by any known organization of optics. I had since heard, or fancied I heard, the grunt a third time, but still there was no movement. At last I got up, with as little noise as possible; and was about to creep on to Hamilton, when, all at once, guided I suppose by some indication which had escaped my less fine senses, I heard him give a long, low, thin whistle, which quite made my hair stir with excitement. This was a notice well understood by the rangers, for I immediately afterwards heard the chains clink faintly, which apprised me that the dogs were being held in readiness. Hero was close by my side; in fact, he never left me, but he lay as composedly as usual, and appeared not at all to understand my eagerness. We were only three guns, in-

cluding myself, two of the rangers having merely spears, and the fourth a horse-pistol. The moon rose shortly after, and we were able to converse by signs; but morning dawned, and found us still expectant. The game had wisely followed its inspirations, and left us shivering from stillness. The amount of brandy I absorbed that night was positively indecent, but it left no trace of either dryness or nausea, and I believe it saved me from the ague, especially the liberal portion I poured into my boots.

Next day was a total blank, and I began to fear the devils were resolved to balk us. Towards evening, however, my hope revived, and before night I had the envied quarry at my feet. I had strayed a little from my post to follow a strange-looking bird that greatly excited my curiosity, and I owe it to that wilful distraction that I lost the opening and most interesting scene of the encounter. It was not a long, low whistle that recalled me this time to my obedience, but a series of boisterous halloos, that told me clearly there was an end to ambush, and that the battle was declared in open and unmasked hostility. Shout followed shout in quick succession, and then there came a howl, so long and dismal that old Hero pricked his ears and sprang forward in the direction of the sound. I called him back, determined to have him under my own immediate control, and we hurried on together to the scene of action. As I tore through the brushwood, the horrid stubs gored my feet and sadly impeded my advance. I had scarcely noticed them whilst picking my way leisurely, but now in my haste I found them a most cruel obstruction. I nevertheless got rapidly through, and I shall not forget the scene which broke on my view as I emerged into the open ground. With his back to a large overhanging stone, there stood, half crouched before the dogs, the most horrible-looking beast imaginable. Not that his contour was villainous: in form he resembled a badger, but his physiognomy was literally diabolical, and quite explained and justified his apparently exaggerated name. What struck me first was the look of sarcasm expressed by the drawing down of the corners of the lips,—an expression taken also by the ass, when over-tormented, and unable to intimidate or escape from his tormentors. His jaws were just wide enough apart to reveal his large white teeth without parading them, and from between these issued a continuous growl, that seemed to unwind from a bobbin in his throat. But what most arrested me was the animal's infernal eyes. The eyes

of the wild cat are said to be the most savage-looking in nature, but there is about them an expression of uncompromising ferocity, which is frank and unmistakable. Such might have been the eyes of Marius, which disarmed the affrighted slave commissioned to execute him in his prison. The eyes of the sarcophilus are small, black, leering beads, fraught with design, but close and impenetrable. Such must have been the eyes of Burke, whilst hiding the plaster in his hat, and watching the friendless Italian boy from the dark arches of Great Queen Street.

When I first arrived on the ground, the wounded dog was still howling piteously, with his tail curved under him, and holding up his right fore foot. The five others were close to the devil, dodging within distance, but not venturing to close with him. One, the smallest of the five, appeared the most resolute, fixing him steadily, and apparently watching his opportunity. A shot had been fired, and evidently with some effect, as the devil was bleeding from the ear. One gun was on the ground, bitten short off at the slope of the stock, and the closeness of the dogs prevented the use of the other. On seeing Hero, the men at once hounded him on the devil; and, not hearing my half-muttered counter-orders, looked petrified at his apparent want of courage. At last the small dog closed, and the others took heart immediately. A fearful strife ensued, in the midst of which I let loose Hero with a shout, meant to explain his previous passiveness, and which he now redeemed abundantly. With one bound he reached the devil, and fastened fiercely and heavily on his throat. This turned the scale at once, for the poor devil was already at bay with the whole pack, and Hero's weight and galling collar completely mastered him. On seeing him thus pinned, a spearman stepped forward and ended the fight abruptly with a mortal thrust. The devil then turned on his side, still eyeing the dogs defiantly, till his life went out with a snarl that seemed to go right down and expire underground.

The first dog was maimed irreparably, and his master shot him on the spot. Two others were wounded badly, but not incurably, and one had got blinded by some accident not explainable. Hero had not a scratch, and I felt it my duty to make it well understood, for his reputation, that it was I and not he that had fought shy at the beginning.

We flayed the devil then and there, and half salted his carcase. We afterwards

lived on it for two days, and were sorry when it came to an end. I cannot say it tastes like veal; it is more like leveret, but lighter in colour, and less close in fibre. The dogs took their share, but without any show of eagerness, and they all of them preferred soaked biscuit. I preserved the jaw-bones and teeth, and still regard them as the most eloquent souvenir I possess.

A few weeks afterwards I was again with Hamilton at Woolnorth, and preparing to take leave of his hospitable kitchen, which he had had well cleaned for my accommodation. He implored me to return after a visit I purposed making to Hobart Town, and he promised me a rare kangaroo hunt in the savannahs of Port Richardson. But my time was now running short, and I was anxious to return to the mainland, to explore the southern districts before winter with Hart and his two sons, as had been agreed, if health permitted. My acquaintance with Hamilton had obliterated Cocksedge, and I felt able to conciliate the two individuals by the simplest application of a rule of charity. His devotedness to me—and he had shown me much during a five days' illness from marsh fever—had been utterly disinterested, for he had in reality nothing to fear from any indiscretion of mine. He consented to my defraying the expenses of our excursion, but refused a ten-pound note which I pressed on his acceptance. I allowed him, at his urgent request, to accompany me to the coast, and he remained my guest at Wilan's Bay until the vessel sailed for Inlet Corner. I fancied, as I bade him adieu from the side of the ship, that I discerned in his face a more complicated emotion than usually arises from the mere severance of a temporary tie. Whether that were so or not, I cannot say with certainty; but I am certain of this, that my feeling for him, as his form disappeared in the distance, was wholly purged of its former Pharisaical admixture.

From *The Athenæum*.

THE SONGSTRESSES OF SCOTLAND.*

HERE are two Scottish ladies who have done admirable service to all who have a taste for being sensibly and healthily amused, and, we may add, instructed. Scottish zeal may have led them a little

too wide a-field, as we shall notice presently, and there are some inaccuracies of dates and of the connection of dramatic personages which need correction. But the work is generally so well and honestly done that shortcomings are not to be pressed against the authors. The volumes increase our knowledge of Scottish poets and poetry, and of Scottish life and localities. They should be placed by the side of Dr. Mackay's "Book of Songs from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century," some blunders in which they will correct, and by the side too of Dr. Rogers's "Songs and Song-Writers of Scotland subsequent to Burns." A very complete idea may then be formed of Scottish minstrelsy within those limits.

In the volumes before us we have the biographies and specimens of the works of ten "songstresses of Scotland." We may fairly object to two of the ten; but we will take the sisterhood in due order. Lady Grizell Baillie, whose life extended from 1685 to 1746, from Charles the Second to George the Second, was of the Whig family of Home. She suffered exile in common with them, and had the spirit of her father, Sir Patrick, who said that "lost estates can be recovered again, but health, once lost by a habit of melancholy, can never be recovered." They *pinched* and laughed, and came to their own again. Grizell Home married young Baillie of Jerviswood, and their house was the abode of supreme happiness, dashed, as it should be, by some sorrows. Grizell Baillie is known for one rough ballad, "Werena my heart licht," of which perhaps the last verse is the best, —

Oh! were we young now as we ance hae been,
We shou'd hae been gallopin' down on yon
green,
An' linkin' it ower the lily-white lea,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The next songstress, Jean Adams, bore her burden from the days of Queen Anne to those of George the Third (1710-1765). The present authors credit her with having written "There's nae luck about the house." The evidence is good, but not conclusive. Jean Adams assuredly never wrote anything else half so good. She was of humbler birth than Grizell Baillie. Her father was a Greenock ship-master, through whose death she became governess, and a "generally useful" sort of servant, in a minister's house, where she also studied the English classics. She published, moreover, a volume of poems, which, lacking great success, left

* *The Songstresses of Scotland*. By Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson. 2 vols. (Strahan & Co.)

many copies on hand. The whole of these she was induced to send to Boston (U.S.), and she never got paid for them! They are worth looking after by Bostonian collectors. Jean Adams subsequently kept school; she had the hardihood to read "Othello" to her little girls, and the Quixotic spirit to make a pilgrimage to London in order to see Richardson. The school failed. Jean fell into poverty, turned hawker and mendicant, and finally died, unrepiningly, in the Glasgow workhouse. If Jean Adams wrote "There's nae luck," then the best Scottish lyric on wedded love came from an unwedded woman: "The song of wifely pride and tenderness is held to have been the utterance of the subtle sympathy and latent affection of a woman that never owned a husband."

Mrs. Cockburn, whose maiden name was Alison Rutherford (1712-1794), author of "The Flowers of the Forest," a subject founded on the sorrows that arose from the slaughter of the Forest men at Flodden (and we must say better treated by Miss Jean Eliott), occupies half of the first volume. This lady of Fairnalie was one of the most charming of country nymphs, and after marriage most exquisite of town hostesses; throughout life, true woman. On a hot summer day she would run to grow hotter, and then plunge into the Tweed to cool herself. On other occasions of fun, "I see myself," she says, "made up like a ball, with my feet wrapt in my petticoat, on the declivity of the hill at Fairnalie, letting myself roll down to the bottom, with infinite delight." Such sports would not be recommended now, but they were thought spirited then, and no one was hurt by them. Alison was, in all respects, a beautiful nymph, so honestly conscious of the attractiveness of her beauty as to induce her to put on a little prudery, and pass adorers as if she knew nothing of their presence or their homage. It was her fate to be loved by young Aikman, son of the great Scottish painter, and to lose him in the very blossoming, as it were, of their mutual love. The young heart feelings lived in old heart memories. In her extreme age the remembrance of young Aikman was united with that of her departed husband, who for many long years was to her—lover, friend, and husband. Alison Cockburn was distinguished for not being carried away by the Jacobite fever, when Prince Charlie was kissing the women all round at Holyrood. She was thorough Whig, and wrote satirical poetry in the Whig

vein. Her letters show the interest she took in the troubled love affairs of others: they contain smart sketches of Scottish character of the last century, and of little ways and manners: "See that you give your mother some castor and wine when she goes to bed . . . half a teaspoonful, *mixed with her little finger*, in white wine, will compose her beyond what you can imagine." If Alison Cockburn, like the pious Mrs. Sherwood in her youth, indulged in rough-and-tumble delights, when she grew in years she resembled Peg Woffington in one thing, her contempt for female society only. "What's a woman to a woman?" she wrote to a gentleman whose absence from a little supper left her only with a lady for companion. Dancing, too, was one of her dear delights. If her vigour would only continue, she said, she would dance as frankly with her grandson as with any man whatever! For a time Mrs. Cockburn was a little queen, if not of all Edinburgh, of a good portion of it. Her letters etch groups as distinctly as ever Callot, the Lorraine engraver, did. Alluding to seven sets of dancers at one of the assemblies, she writes: "One was all quality ladies, and all handsome; one called the maiden set, for they admitted no married women; and one called the heartsome set, which was led off by Lady Christian Erskine, in which danced Mrs. Horn, Siff Johnston, Anne Keith; Bess St. Clair and Lady Dunmore humbly begged to be admitted to stand at the foot, which we granted." Mrs. Cockburn's appetite for reading was insatiable. From unreadable novels to politics, abstruse philosophy, and theological controversy, nothing came amiss to her. "I'm clear," she says, "for burning 'Sir Charles Grandison' by the hands of the hangman." She spoke of Wilkes as a "midge," whom persecution had magnified. Hume and Voltaire together could not move her faith, but she did not therefore condemn Free Thought. She probably, however, had an idea that most of those who indulged in freedom of thought set out by hoping, not so much to find truth, as to find that what they thought *was* the truth, and that what they had been taught ought not to be truth. In Mrs. Cockburn's days an apostle of freedom of thought was an apostle of destructiveness generally, in Church, State, and Constitution. One phase of the charity of that day was very like what it is now. People were then putting their lives in peril in struggling to get into the Edinburgh Theatre, to see Mrs Siddons. On one night, we hear, "Nobody of fashion

would attend Mrs. Siddons, because she acted for charity." Glimpses of the writer's humour turn up in small matters like the following. In a note of invitation, she mentions her "unpareleled brose," and adds in a P.S., "Cannot spell unpareleled." "All the world is feasting," writes the lady, old in years, but young in heart, "and I cannot get a man to eat a turkey with me to-day; and I think a female feast but flat. However, we must take what we can get"; and then, "It's a pity woman does not mend with age, as wine does." After the New Style took footing in Scotland, she wrote:—"I was once born in September, but now it's in October." Her letters abound in these traits, and they amply justify her own words, "It is not my maxim but my nature to write what I think, and never to think what I write." Among the best glimpses to be got of the crowd that circulate through the letters, there is one of Burns. "The man will be spoiled if he can spoil; but he keeps his simple manners, and is quite sober. No doubt he will be at the Hunters' Ball to-morrow, which has made all women and milliner's mad. Not a gauze cap under two guineas; many ten, twelve, &c." Walter Scott was a boy of six years old when he first saw and talked with Mrs. Cockburn. "I think she's a *virtuoso*, like myself," said the little fellow; "one who will know everything." Walter was then deep in the sublimer English poets; and he discoursed with the lady on the beauties of Milton. "He reads like a Garrick," was her own remark on him to a friend. Alice Cockburn literally fell asleep. Her memory is likely to be more fully revived than we find it here. A biography with more unpublished letters, and her poetry, will soon be before the public, and thus we may take leave for the time of her who wrote

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;

I've felt all its favours and found its decay.

Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;

But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

There is more pathos and more picturesqueness in Miss Jean Elliot's illustration of the same subject,—"The Flowers of the Forest,"—a little poem which should be called by its full title, as it is in old collections of Scottish poetry—"Flowden Hill; or, Flowers of the Forest." The verses refer to the happiness before, and the misery after Flodden. In the first and last verses of Miss Jean Elliot's version, the two extremes are thus set forth:—

I've heard them liltin at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a' liltin before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loan-
ing —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

We'll hear nae mair liltin at the yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jean Elliot was of the Minto family (1727-1805). She was nice in all that tended to cleanliness and neatness—a distinction in her day! She was reserved, both as girl and as woman, and was the last in Edinburgh who kept standing in her lobby a private sedan chair, to be lifted abroad by the last of the caddies.

After Miss Elliott we have Miss Susanna Blamire; but this lady has no claim to be considered a Scottish rhymmer. She was born in Cumberland,—the memoir of her life (1747-94) contains interesting details of old Border ways,—and she had an affair of the heart which ended in disappointment. Finally, she "adopted Scotland and the Scotch with enthusiasm, and thenceforth wrote Scotch songs like a Scotch-woman." Miss Blamire wrote more of them than all the other ladies we have named put together. No one ever struck the placidly mournful chords of the Scottish lyre more thrillingly than Miss Blamire did in "What ails this heart o' mine?"—and there was not a more popular song in its day than "And ye shall walk in silk attire," nor is there one at the present day that more requires sympathetic intelligence on the part of the singer. But after all Miss Blamire is not a genuine Scottish minstrel. Like all the preceding ladies, she was of good birth,—even Jean Adams's was not mean; but commend us, for one who was not a lady at all, but as handsome as any dozen of them, to Jean Glover, the Kilmarnock weavers' daughter, who belonged to the last half of the last century (1758-1801). She bounds into the arena with the dash of a gipsy, shaking musical accompaniments from her tambourine, and busking her petticoat up to her knee, to give more freedom to her dancing; for Jean Glover was a wayward lassie. Queen of Beauty,—wild queen of a savage sort of beauty,—she cast in her lot with a mountebank. She danced with him through the world,—it was not the world of the geography books,—fantastic in costume, bright-eyed, light hearted, or with heroic assumption of light-heartedness; and she died in the midst of a vocation of which Jean must have begun to be

weary,—for youth had long since passed away, though her mature beauty might still attract wonder,—at a fair in the north of Ireland. Jean Glover has left her mark in Scottish poetry. "Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle," with its flavour of blooming heather, and the love-making among it, is a memory of some brief bit of sunshine in her own fitful life. It is as true metal for a weaver's lassie to have struck out as any from which song was coined by her contemporary, Burns the ploughman. Burns "was hard in his withering words on the poor strolling player and 'randy gangrel' wife, from whose lips he took down her sweet, hill-flavoured song." In great contrast with gipsy Jean, steps forward Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton (1758–1810), whom we are disposed to pass with a respectful salutation, seeing that she was Irish by birth, and only Scottish by descent and nurture. Even as a songstress, this lady is undistinguished, except for "My ain fireside." She is better known by her novel, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," which is a history, and by her history of the life of Agrippina, which is a novel, but which Mrs. Hamilton considered as an historical work, because she had tried to make a romance of it, and had failed!

We salute the "daughter of a hundred Earls" in the person of Lady Anne Barnard (1750–1825). A Lindsay, thoroughly Scottish, sharply trained, musically-attuned in her sympathies, with a spice of gentle old-maidism in her. When, however, she married Mr. Barnard, she figured queenly at the Cape as the Governor's wife. Lady Anne has a name that will live as the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." Moore has immortalized Susan Beckford, afterwards Duchess of Hamilton, for the singing of this song; and the authoress, who was foolishly ashamed, or pretended to be, of being the writer of that celebrated lyric, may have heard the Duchess sing it. But Lady Anne Barnard was not a songstress in the sense that the Baroness Nairne was, although the latter had more horror of passing for "a writer" than Lady Barnard herself. Lady Nairne was an Oliphant, born when George the Third was young, and living to a period of which there are many who remember her (1766–1845). Like Lady Anne, Caroline Oliphant married at a ripe age. She was forty-one when she became by marriage a member of the family of Nairne. "Kind Robin loe's me," and "O weels me on my ain man," are said to be tributes to the merits of her husband. The world, which

loosely assigns all purely Scottish songs to Burns, hardly knows what it owes in this respect to Lady Nairne. "The Land o' the Leal" seems chanted by a dying voice, while angels stand hushed as its sweet truths are harmoniously told. Then, what a true ring, wholesome moral, and local freshness there is in "Call'er Herrin"! What quaintness and humour in "The Laird o' Cockpen"! It were enough to make a Jacobite of the veriest Whig that ever d—d High Church and Hanover, if he could only have heard such songs as "Charlie is my darling"! and that rattling, trumpeting, drum-beating, pipe-screaching lyric, "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" It stirs the heart-pulses only to read it; and the author's powers were so varied that as easily as she can raise honest laughter or patriotic enthusiasm so can she subdue or elevate other impulses. We do not envy any one who could read her "Rowan Tree," "Rest is not here," or "Would you be young again?" without being moved to deep thought, and coming out of such thinking with grateful cheerfulness. With the "Rowan Tree" may be compared Nicoll's "Bonnie Rowan Bush," which is quite as full of tender feeling.

The sisterhood of songstresses is closed by the maiden lady, Joanna Baillie, the Lanarkshire minister's daughter, whose life reached to nearly the long span of ninety years (1762–1851). For a child full of human sympathies, Joanna was unfortunate in having parents who never allowed themselves to show the love they felt for their children. They sacrificed one of the few intense delights of life, and were proud at the offering up of such a sacrifice. This grim discipline did not spoil Joanna's temper. She became a boy of the boys in all out-o'-door sports, and hated books like poison. She lacked the girlish beauty of her sister; and when fortune brought her and her noble brother Matthew Baillie and the family to live among William Hunter's skeletons and specimens in Windmill Street, Haymarket, she must have groaned for a breathing run over the wild braes of Calder. Baillies, Hunters, Denmans,—their history and pictures of their times must be looked for in these pleasant pages. There was a good deal of play-going, out of which and much speculation came Joanna's "Plays of the Passions"; the first of these, "De Montfort," was acted at Drury Lane in 1800. It so well pleased Mrs. Siddons that she said to the authoress, in the half-comic, half-lofty way of the Kembles.

"Make me more Jane de Montforts." The whole series of the plays, which are really dramatic poems, was savagely attacked by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. As a songstress, Joanna Baillie's ballads are, with rare exception, remarkable for their humour, even in their sternest sentiment. It is to be observed, however, that some of the best of these ballads are but repolishing of more ancient ditties. This might have been pointed out without any disparagement to Joanna Baillie. We add one sample of how the rough sketching is smoothed down to fine art proper. In the ballad "Woo'd and married an' a'!" the bride complains of the few appliances she has for bed, board, and household. All her family, bridegroom included, answer the objection. We take the mother's, in the original form:—

Out spake the bride's mither:
What de'il needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride.
My gown was linsay-woolsey,
And ne'er a sark awa;
An' ye ha' ribbons and buskins,
Ma'e than aue or twa.
Woo'd an' married an' a',
Woo'd, &c.
Was she not vera weel off,
Was woo'd an' married an' a'?

Observe how this is toned down in Joanna's version:—

Her mither then hastily spak:
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
The day that I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel an' be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher aae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'!"

This comes upon us like a flavour of Windmill Street over the braes of Calder; but our readers may judge for themselves. They will, at all events, find in these attractive and useful volumes more subjects of interest than are contained in a whole circulating library of novels, at least of Joanna Baillie's time.

HUMBOLDT.

BY DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

From the recently published "Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park," we extract the following translation of part of Dr. Lieber's German Address, at the unveiling of the bust of Baron Humboldt in 1869.

HUMBOLDT is one of the magnates in the history of our race; and as this race spreads farther and farther over the globe, so he will be a magnate in the truly universal history of our kind—in the history of progress, which, like the rays of the sun, spreads as it rises and advances. He is not one of those men the rise of whose name only keeps pace with the sweeping harm they inflict, because their own name is their own object.

Humboldt was fortunate; he was great, he was kind, liberal in every way, laborious, of vivid perception, a man of the highest culture and of æsthetic taste.

He was fortunate in birth. It fell in the middle of that century which is marked at the outset by the Act of Settlement in England—limiting, at least, the power of the Crown, if not yet increasing the liberties of the people; by the foundation of the Kingdom of Prussia, so soon to take a leading part; and by the pitiful War of the Spanish Succession on the one hand, and the latter portion of which, on the other hand, is signalized by the American and French Revolutions—two of the three greatest revolutions our European race, prone to revolutions compared with Asia, which only knows seraglio conspiracies, has so far ventured on. The eighteenth is possibly the most moving century in our annals. New ideas, new philosophies, new sciences, new statesmanship, new political principles, new strategy and tactics, new music, new poetry, reforms, discoveries, and inventions burst upon men, and in the middle of them all, in 1773, Pope Clement the Fourteenth dared to abolish the order of the Jesuits. Busy brains thought under those powdered wigs, and big hearts have beaten under those scarlet waistcoats and daintily ruffled shirts! Washington, Voltaire, Chatham, Hamilton, are on the rolls of that century; and Humboldt was born in the same year with Napoleon, with Cuvier, Wellington, and Chateaubriand, while the names of Goethe and Schiller, Lessing and Walter Scott, Kant, Arndt, and Wolf, the Homer scholar, cluster around the memorable year of 1769—some born earlier, some later—all belonging to his own vivid age. While our forefathers were

struggling for independence, the circumnavigator Cook swept over the seas to discover isles and archipelagoes, as now the astronomer sweeps with his telescope over the whole heavens, to bring into his net the yet undiscovered stars. The enthusiasm kindled by Cook, and especially transmitted to Germany by his companion Forster, met Humboldt in his early youth; it animated him at Freiberg, the far-famed Mining School, and when he entered the years of manhood. And when he must have been much beyond seventy years of age, he was seen willing, like any of the Berlin students in the lecture-room of the geographer Ritter, to learn geography anew; and almost to his dying day, in the ninetieth year of his life, he studied, wrote, and taught. His health must have been marvellous. He worked, and enjoyed his social intercourse literally night and day.* It has been said, "Modern majesty is work." That majesty sat on his brow. Humboldt was a far harder working man than any with hammer in hand or behind the plough. In the year 1844, when he had reached, therefore, the age of seventy-five years, he told the speaker, at Potsdam, that he was engaged in a work which he intended to call *Cosmos*; that he was obliged chiefly to write at night, for in the morning he studied and arranged materials, or received visitors, and in the evening he was expected to be with the King from 9 o'clock to about 11. After his return from the king he was engaged in writing until 1 or 2, and even 3 o'clock. Would not the Greek philosopher, reticent of gratulation, have pronounced him fortunate? He was

fortunate, but, happily, not a child of fortune. He was a man of the utmost simplicity, and he was great. If greatness consists partly in doing and producing much with means which, in the hands of others, would have been insufficient, then Humboldt possessed that constituent of greatness; if greatness means power and ingeniousness to concentrate the gifts and talents of many on one point, to inspire them with sympathy and enthusiasm for the same end, and to make them gladly contribute toward it, then he was great; if it is great to see from earliest manhood the main end of one's individual life, and steadily to pursue it to the very end of the highest gifts of nature, then he was great; if it pertains to greatness to soar high, indeed, in the one selected sphere, but to be trivial or puerile in none — on the contrary to retain a vivid sympathy with all that is noble, beautiful, true, and just, then he was great; if it is a characteristic of greatness to be original, and strike out new paths — indeed, even to prophetic anticipations — but to refuse the good of no antecedent, then he was great; if greatness requires marked individuality, which yet takes up all the main threads that give distinctness to the times we live in; if inventive and interleaving imagination, which gathers what is scattered, and, grandly simplifying and uniting the details, rears a temple, is a concomitant of greatness, his mind and soul possessed it. If truly great men are not jealous and are void of envy, are full of inspiring ambition, but free from a desire to keep competitors down — Humboldt showed no envy, nothing that destroys the dignity of greatness. Can the same be said of that man whose career began to go down, never to ascend again, on this very day, in the year 1812, illumed as it was by the flames of Moscow? That was so great in our Washington that he was never jealous of his compeers, never tyrannical in the House, never despotic in the State. Humboldt, I repeat, was most amiable and helpful to the youngest and those who were least connected with him.

Humboldt was liberal. No one has ever heard from his lips any indication from which it might be surmised that he shared in that superciliousness with which modern naturalists not unfrequently look upon other sciences and branches of knowledge. On the contrary, he took the deepest interest in human society, and all the branches which treat of men as social beings. He never fell into the grievous error of considering Matter, Space, Force,

* "Alexander von Humboldt," by H. Klencke, 3d edition, Leipzig, 1859, has the following passage, probably unique in the records of biography:

"About thirty years ago (this was written in 1859, and Humboldt, as has been stated before, was born in 1769) he regularly rose in summer at 4 o'clock, and received visits as early as 8 o'clock. Only eight years ago he said that, according to long experience, he could get along with four hours sleep perfectly well. But his eighty-ninth year imposes at present restrictions upon him. Humboldt now rises at 3-12 o'clock; while breakfasting he reads the letters which may have arrived, and is in the habit of replying to most of them immediately; he then dresses himself, with the assistance of his servant, in order to receive visits or to make some himself. At 2 o'clock he is in the habit of returning home, and to drive at 3 o'clock to the Royal Palace, where he generally dines. Sometimes he presents himself at the table of some friend, chiefly that of the banker Mendelssohn (a descendant of the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn). At 7 o'clock in the evening he returns home, where he reads or writes until 9 o'clock. He now goes again to court or to some company, whence he is not in the habit of returning much before midnight; and only now, in the stillness of night, begins his more especial literary activity. He is engaged in his great works until 3 o'clock, when, in summer, the bright day greets him before he lies down for his short rest."

and Time of higher importance than Mind, Society, Right, and Goodness.

Although it has been stated by high authority that the works of Humboldt show to every one who can "read between the lines" an endeavour to present nature in her totality unconnected with man, I cannot otherwise than state here that, on the contrary, it has ever appeared to me that this great man, studying nature in her details, and becoming what Bacon calls her interpreting priest, elevates himself to those heights whence he can take a comprehensive view of her in connection with man and the movements of society; with language, economy, and exchange, institutions, and architecture, which is to man almost like the nidifying instinct to the bird. Humboldt's tendency in this respect seems in its sphere not wholly dissimilar to the view which his friend Ritter takes of geography in connection with history. And do we not all know with what interest and critical skill he pursued historical questions? Humboldt did not only view nature in her totality as she is; he did not only search her own history which has made her progressively what she is (for the conception of successive geologic eras is his); but the history of man's knowledge of nature, the development of discoveries, and the growth of geography had an equal charm for his fine intellect. In these researches he showed the true spirit of the historian, for whom no detail is too small, and whose comprehensive mind allows no detail to lead him to historical trifling. Let us present him to ourselves at one time as standing on the Andes, or his mind soaring in high circles like a sailing eagle; at another time tracing, with ant-like industry, the beautiful name of our continent to the German schoolmaster that invented and first proposed it.

Humboldt, it would seem, could hardly be expected to stand in a different relation to the natural sciences. He was, with all erudition and the grandeur of his knowledge, eminently a social man. In politics he simply, yet openly, voted at the ballot-box against the administration, although he was at the same time an officer of the court of Frederick William IV. In his simplicity and genial warmth he did what many a bold man would have hesitated to do. I was present as a young and silent listener, when at Rome, immediately after the Congress of Verona, the King of Prussia, Humboldt, and Niebuhr conversed on the affairs of the day, and when the last-mentioned spoke in no flat-

tering terms of the political views and antecedents of Arago, who, it is well known, was a very advanced republican of the Gallican school, an uncompromising French democrat. Frederick William III simply eschewed republicanism; yet when Niebuhr had finished, Humboldt said, with a sweetness which I vividly remember, "Still, this monster is the dearest friend I have in France."

His liberal freshness of mind and soul, which he retained to his latest years, never allowed him impotently to sigh for "the good old times," or to suppose that they must have been good merely because they are no more, although he had lived through changes in institutions and opinions, of systems and language, of men, manners, and even of dress, as no other prominent man. He received the living traditions of the great circumnavigator Cook, through Forster, Cook's companion, and lived to gather facts for his *Cosmos* from the latest reports of the geological surveys of our States. When he was a student mineralogy was still called by many, useless stone-picking; and before he died he had written *Cosmos*. He lived when Voltaire died, and must have grown up with many French ideas floating around him, for Humboldt was a nobleman whose family lived within the atmosphere of the Berlin court; and he lived to witness the great revolutions in literature, as well in Germany as in France and England; he lived when Rousseau died (the same year of Voltaire's death), and must have remembered, from personal observation, that homage which even monarchs paid (at a distance, it is true,) to the *Contrat Sociale*; and he outlived by some weeks de Tocqueville. He lived through the period of the American Revolution; was a contemporary of Washington and Adams, and a friend of Jefferson. He lived through the French Revolution and the age of the classic orators of Britain. He lived through the Napoleonic era and the resuscitation of Prussia and all Germany. He studied under Werner, with whom mineralogy begins, and knew Houty. He knew Laplace, survived Arago and Gauss, and worked with Enke. He lived with Kant, and knew Schelling and Hegel. He knew Goethe, and read Heine. He read Gibbon's *Decline* as the work of a living author, and perused Niebuhr, and later still praised Prescott. He grew up in the Prussian monarchy according to the type of Frederick the Great, and with the fresh reminiscences of the Seven Years' War, and left it changed in army, school, gov-

ernment—in every thing. He saw the beginning of the Institute of France, and lived to be considered by its associates one of its most brilliant ornaments at its most brilliant period. He lived through the periods which distinctly mark the science of chemistry, from Lavoisier to Rose and Liebig. Humboldt was seventeen years old when the great king, perhaps the most illustrious despot of history, died, so tired by the genius of his own absolutism that the words of the dying monarch cannot be forgotten, "I am tired of ruling over slaves;" and he lived through the whole period of growing popular sentiments and habits of constitutional demands and revolutionary conflicts. He wore the lace and ruffle of the last century, and the more practical dress of our working times. Yet no one, be it repeated, ever heard from him any useless regret for what had passed and was gone. He often spoke warmly of noble things and men that he had known, but not with gloomy despair of the present or the future. He preserved hopefulness, and yet who was less reckless in his hope than he was?

Of his high culture, but this one fact, that the German scholars most fit to judge say, that in his *Views of Nature* (*Ansichten der Natur*) he gave a new imprint on the German tongue, and showed his native language in a new phase; and this after Goethe and Lessing, as well as Herder and Schiller, had given it their imprint. He perfected German prose, and perfecting prose is a masterly skill. He who improves prose is a benefactor.

Of his simplicity but this, that although a courtier and a born nobleman, the prejudices of the numerous German noblesse never tainted him even in the least offensive form. Unmarried as he was, there were several private houses in Berlin in which he was always most welcome for his meals, and the friends in these houses were all commoners, not so called noblemen.

Of his general liberality and justice only this, that with his profound knowledge of races and species he always, openly and unconditionally, condemned slavery.

Of his keen sense of progress only this, he took the deepest interest in the projected ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien, demanding constant information about it from his friends in America.

Of his æsthetic sense and instincts only this, that in the conception as well as the execution of his *Cosmos*, the element of

the beautiful is largely manifest, as it was in the Greek word itself which he chose.

Of the comprehensiveness of his head and heart only this, that he took, like his brother William, the deepest interest in the widest-spread common-school system, and the loftiest university education; that modern penology elicited his attention, and the trial by jury arrested his observation and reflection. I speak from personal knowledge.

Of his mien—there it is—his brow of high capacity and his winning lips.

Great names are a treasure of nations; Humboldt's name is a portion of the treasure of our kind, and on a spot like this, with such a monument, let us be thankful not only for the kindly fruits and the lovely trees of the earth, but also, and more warmly still, for the kindly fruits and the lovely blossoms of the mind.

For the young who hear me, I conclude with Humboldt's own words, in the last letter he wrote before setting sail for South America: "Man must will the good and the great; the rest comes as decreed."

For all, I conclude with the magnificent words of Pericles: "THE WHOLE EARTH IS THE MONUMENT OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MISS AUSTEN'S "LADY SUSAN."*

THE announcement of a posthumous work by the authoress of "Mansfield Park" naturally aroused great curiosity among all lovers of the best class of English fiction. And, as the advertisements told us nothing more than the name of it, we were left to imagine what we pleased of its nature and purport. We had pictured to ourselves, we own, in "Lady Susan" something very different from what she turns out to be. We had expected some middle-aged, lady-like dame, very benevolent, rather prejudiced, and reasonably pious. Our surprise was great, therefore, at finding in the new heroine a gay young widow of five-and-thirty who looks only five-and-twenty, very beautiful, very clever, and very wicked. And we were the more surprised, inasmuch as Miss

* "A Memoir of Jane Austen" By her nephew, J. E. Austen Leigh. Second Edition. To which is added "Lady Susan" and Fragments of Two other Unfinished Tales by Miss Austen. (London: Bentley and Son. 1871.)

Austen's genius had never that we knew of led her in that direction. No character at all resembling Lady Susan is to be found in any of her novels — a handsome, clever, bad woman, a character so tempting to the novelist, she had never essayed. And we hardly know after reading "Lady Susan" whether to regret or not that she did not seek to make more of the power which it shows her to possess. The new volume, however, contains a great deal more than "Lady Susan." This, though complete as far as it goes, is a mere sketch. We have, besides, "The Watsons," an unfinished novel on a more regular and extensive plan; some extracts from another on which she was employed during her last illness; and a chapter from "Persuasion," which the authoress cancelled and replaced by two others before it went to press. Mr. Austen Leigh's memoir of his aunt, which was published last winter, is prefixed to these "Remains," of which as it was reviewed by us at the time, we need say no more.

"Lady Susan" being the title of the new book, we are to suppose that in Mr. Leigh's estimation the value of this portion of the contents overshadows that of all the rest, and that without this the other relics of his aunt's literary labours would not have been given to the world. Out of 364 pages, however, "Lady Susan" only occupies 87, or less than a quarter, so that for mere length and substance it deserves no such pre-eminence. But the buoyant power of expression, the clever portraiture of the heroine, and the demure satiric humour peculiar to Miss Austen which it displays throughout, make this short study of character a little gem in its way, and fully justify the place of honour assigned to it. Lady Susan, as we have said, is a widow of thirty-five, with a daughter aged sixteen. Her husband has been dead only ten months, and has apparently not left her quite so well off as she could wish. We find from the opening chapter that she is living about among her friends; and the story is conducted through the medium of the correspondence which she maintains with them and they with one another. The leading traits in her character are a thirst of admiration combined with strong passions, and a keen sense of self-interest. In gratifying these propensities she is utterly unscrupulous, and robs other women of their lovers with such unvaried success as to endear her very generally to her own sex. She is beautiful, looking ten years younger than she is, gentle and graceful in her manners,

and so consummate an actress, and so artful a pleader, as to impose for a time even on the most clear-sighted and suspicious. Whether she was anything worse than this we are left to conjecture. But her relations with one of her lovers, Mr. Mainwaring, a married man, are at least equivocal. She ends by marrying a rich fool whom she had intended for her daughter, while her daughter carries off a young gentleman of great expectations whom she had destined for herself. Whether she was happy or not in her second choice, says Miss Austen, the world must judge. "She had nothing against her but her husband and her conscience."

We have already said that this is the only character of the kind which Miss Austen has attempted, and it is, in our opinion, a performance of rare merit. We all know that in the world such characters exist; fascinating people who make us very blind to their faults, but do not undermine our morality. In describing them generally, however, authors do one of two things — either in painting the sin make us loathe the sinner, or in painting the sinner make us love the sin. Miss Austen has succeeded in drawing a thoroughly vicious character without either making the character repulsive or the vice attractive. We feel the full force of Lady Susan's charms without being tempted to think one whit the better of selfishness, heartlessness, or wantonness. We meet with such people very frequently in real life, but we rarely encounter them in fiction. The rest of the characters introduced merely play up to this central one; and the whole story is so slender that but for the epistolary method it would have rather the effect of a magazine story than of a novel. But the materials of which it is composed seem fit rather for a comedy than for either; and, indeed, some of the situations which it contains would be highly effective on the stage. Why Miss Austen left it as it now stands is a question which may be variously answered. Her editor thinks she grew tired of the letter writing. But she might have dropped that without cutting short the story. We can imagine another reason for it. In this short correspondence Miss Austen was able to touch lightly on many things which in a regular novel she would have had to dwell upon at length. Lady Susan would hardly have gone through three volumes without doing a serious injury to somebody. Scenes of a passionate, perhaps tragic, nature might have been called for; and to these, it may be possible, Miss

Austen felt herself unequal. In other words she may have felt that Lady Susan was too much for her. And as she never repeated the experiment, we think this explanation of the case is at least as likely as any other. Her family always supposed it one of her earliest performances, and this hypothesis sustains our own.

"The Watsons" is a story much more in Miss Austen's regular style than "Lady Susan" is. It is a picture of society in a country town in Surrey such as we can well imagine it to have been sixty years ago. The story opens on the eve of "the first winter assembly," and the heroine, Emma Watson, is to make her first appearance on the occasion:—

The Edwards' invitation to the Watsons followed of course. The Edwards were people of fortune, who lived in the town and kept their coach. The Watsons inhabited a village about three miles distant, were poor and had no close carriage; and ever since there had been balls in the place, the former were accustomed to invite the latter to dress, dine, and sleep at their house on every monthly return throughout the winter. On the present occasion, as only two of Mr. Watson's children were at home, and one was always necessary as companion to himself, for he was sickly and had lost his wife, one only could profit by the kindness of their friends. Miss Emma Watson, who was very recently returned to her family from the care of an aunt who had brought her up, was to make her first public appearance in the neighbourhood, and her eldest sister, whose delight in a ball was not lessened by a ten years' enjoyment, had some merit in cheerfully undertaking to drive her and all her finery in the old chair to D. on the important morning.

The experienced reader of Miss Austen will guess at once the kind of thing which is to follow. The Osbornes, the great people of the neighbourhood, come to the Assembly, and bring a Mr. Howard, a clergyman, in their train, who witnesses an act of great good nature on Emma's part towards a little boy whose partner had deserted him. Lord Osborne, so the authoress gave her sister to understand, was to have fallen in love with Emma, and have been rejected in favour of Mr. Howard. What was to become of another good character, Tom Musgrave, a hanger-on of Lord Osborne, who calls on the Miss Watsons at their tea-time that "he may have the pleasure of telling them he is going home to an eight o'clock dinner," we don't know. He was a man with whom every young lady was supposed to have been in love once; and his doom, we should conjecture, would have been to fall

very much in love himself, and either be jilted or married to a shrew. Then there are the three elder sisters of Emma—fast verging upon old maidhood, and desperate for husbands—not quite so "refined" as Emma, who had been brought up in comparative elegance and plenty. The question is, why was this novel broken off? Mr. Austen Leigh thinks it was abandoned because Miss Austen found she had deposited her heroine in a situation hardly compatible with the tastes and habits of a lady, and that it was too much trouble to get her out of it; for, he says, this novel was not broken up to serve as materials for another, there being no traces of it in her published works. We cannot say that the editor is wrong. Yet the position of the Watsons was not so very low after all; and we should certainly be sorry to think that a close carriage, a large house, and a large footman were esteemed by Miss Austen essential to "the refinement of a lady." So far from "The Watsons" being unlike anything she ever wrote, is it not possible that she may have stopped it when she became aware that she was repeating herself? "The Watsons" appears to have been written between 1803 and 1805. In 1803 a novel of Miss Austen's was sold at Bath on what Mr. Leigh calls "humiliating" terms. And it is no very far-fetched supposition that in reading over her freshly written MSS, the authoress may have discovered that she was following rather too closely in the wake of "Northanger Abbey." Is it not likely that Mr. Howard would have turned out another Mr. Tilney, Emma Watson another Catherine Morland, Mr. Edwards another Mr. Allen, Tom Musgrave another John Thorpe, and that the Miss Watsons seemed cast too nearly in the mould of Isabella? As for the heroine herself, her resemblance to Catharine struck us at the first glance. Musgrave no doubt is the social superior of Thorpe; but in manner and conversation he is the image of him. The other resemblances may seem less close; but they exist. And the authoress may have felt that the further she proceeded with her work the more marked they were likely to become.

Of the tale which Miss Austen had commenced in the last year of her life nothing was left in a sufficiently advanced state to admit of its publication. The scene was laid in a newly created watering-place for which one principal inhabitant was zealous from philanthropic motives, because he thought the sea a panacea, and another from mercenary ones, because she wished

to let her houses. The rivalry between them would no doubt have been amusing, and the extracts given by Mr. Leigh from the latest composition of 'his gifted relative show that disease had been powerless to affect either the airy brightness of her spirits or the lithe and springy motion of her high-bred style. The chapter which originally formed part of "Persuasion," containing the explanation and reconciliation between Anne Elliott and Captain Wentworth, will generally, perhaps, be thought inferior to the scenes which the authoress substituted for it. The object in view is here effected by Captain Wentworth being sent with a message from Admiral Croft to Anne, which assumes the existence of an engagement between herself and another man. Her denial of this gives Wentworth the desired opportunity; and we think that the description of the particular moment when each became

aware that the other's affection was unchanged is better in the suppressed chapter than it is in the published one. Both are powerful and tender. But the latter verges on the theatrical, while the simple brevity of the former is nature itself. Miss Austen, however, thought the whole chapter tame and flat; and, no doubt, she gave us in exchange for it what ninety-nine people out of every hundred will prefer. We have only to say in conclusion that the publication of these remains only corroborates the verdict which posterity has at length pronounced on this ornament of English fiction, who, with a delicacy of observation in which she is equalled by only two, and excelled by only one, English writer, combined a humour of still rarer flavour, and a genius for composition equal to every demand that could be made upon it.

NATURE'S COMFORTING.

No, not to the April lilies,
Though fair be their moonlight sheen,
No, not to the July roses,
Though each be a radiant queen.
Not to the sweet spring loveliness,
Not to the summer glow,
Not to autumn's gorgeous parting smile,
Nor to winter's royal snow.
The world is rich in its varying dress,
Its seasons are full and fair,
It can brighten, gladden, or dream for us,
But oh, mourner, go not there!

The young leaves flaunt their fresh green life,
Though they wave o'er the coffin-pall,
The young flowers blossom in beauty bright,
Though our heart-buds fade and fall.
The birds' gay carol jars the ear,
That thrills to the death-bell's note,
Drearily into the darkened room,
Sweet scents of the jasmine float.
If our hopes are blighted, our prizes naught,
Are the fruits less rich and rare?
Wears the laughing sky one cloud for us?
Nay, mourner, look not there!

Who would have nature's comforting,
I rede them seek the shore
Wherever and aye through sun and shade,
The great waves rise and roar.
The mighty thunderous music
Will lull the fevered brain,
The low melodious monotone,
Breathe patience unto pain.
The whisper of the ebbing tide
Answer the passionate prayer,
With "wait, hush! wait for a little while,"
Oh, mourner, linger there!

The glorious, vast, unchanging sweep,
The long unceasing boom,
Carry the saddened spirit on
To the world beyond the tomb.
Nothing of fading and coming back,
In the great eternal waves,
Nothing of horrible contrast mocks,
Like flowers on tended graves.
Deep as love is, and solemn as faith,
Tender and strong as prayer,
The sea has solace for every mood,
Oh, mourner, seek it there!

All The Year Round.

From The Sunday Magazine.
THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

It was quite early in the present century that a young married couple were put down from the Norfolk coach at the Bell, Dockgate Street, London. The couple had had no household goods worth transport, and arrived with nothing but two boxes. The coach-inn was above their means even for the single day that must suffice them to furnish their room, and so they put up at the musty "Old Admiral," lower down the street. There could not have been a more insignificant arrival. If they drifted away here or there—surely it could not matter much!

They decided to take rooms in Cocker's Rents, off the main thoroughfare. They took two parlours in the house farthest from Dockgate Street, and there they carried the two old hair trunks, brimful with their fresh bridal finery and old village keepsakes. Good and substantial was the bridal finery—a "suit of best," that would spare the bridegroom's wages for many a year; and for the bride, a bright green merino gown, a sprigged shawl, and substantial Dunstable, that, with due washing and turning, would serve her as festive attire for half her life. They liked colour, this Thomas and Ellen Warriner. They bought a red and blue rug, and from the depths of her box Ellen produced quantities of gay patchwork, enough for quilt and chair covers too. Their rooms were whitewashed, but Tom presently touched them up with the blue-bag. And when the gilt-leaved Bible, which Tom's old master had given him on his wedding-day, was placed on the chest of drawers, between gay figures of coarse pottery, then Thomas and Ellen sat down to their tea rejoicing.

Tom earned good wages at the wharf of Messrs. Billiter, the great seed merchants, and he and Ellen managed to live very comfortably, to put by a trifle, and yet contrive to spare some odd pence "to treat themselves." They were country-folk, and knew how to manage flowers so well, that they could even keep some alive in Cocker's Rents. They could not resist a gay print now and then; and they kept a cat, which Ellen had brought in a basket on her knee all the way from Norwich. They found a comfortable free-seat in Shadwell church, and went to it so regularly and so early, that they acquired as comfortable a sense of possession as Mr. Billiter himself in his great square pew.

On fine summer evenings, the two would walk out together, wandering about the City streets, while Tom would proudly impart his slender and apocryphal knowledge about the Tower and the Mint, the Custom House and the Cathedral. The royal tragedies connected therewith seemed all the more real for the dreadful things which had happened in their own time in France, and which had actually been alluded to by their own preachers at Norwich. Tom told them all over and over again; but that did not matter where talker and listener were in harmony, and Ellen delighted to hear the same old story, and to correct Tom by himself whenever he varied in his details. Dry facts were solemn mysteries to their simplicity. Their notions of good and evil, of providence and vengeance, were broad and distinct as the circles on a target, and with no fine-drawn lines between to shade the one into the other. The City threw its charm of hoar immensity over their childlikeness. They did not seem to weary much for the country places which they had loved and left. As Ellen said to the Billiter clerk who once called in with a special message for Tom, "We knows we've got to stop here, and we makes the best of it; and, as Tom says, maybe if we had the country again, we should be a-wishin' for this."

They had their trials, notwithstanding. Though Cocker's Rents was "respectable," as that word went in Dockgate Street, and encouraged no tenants who could not truthfully describe their way of life, under the most rigorous census, still that included all sorts of people, from Nicky O'Hara, the dock-labourer, who had eight children, and was never drunk less than once a week, whereby the black eyes of his "Katty, darlint of the wor-ld," had generally a shade of abnormal blackness, to Peter Smith, the shoemaker, who was a bachelor, and worked from Sunday morning till Saturday night, and never spent a penny that was not for stern necessities. There was every shade of character, but perhaps all would be divided into those who could content themselves with the lowest sensual indulgence, and those who could not content themselves at all. Among these the Warriners came, neither drinking, nor lounging, nor wasting; nor yet grudging, and moiling, and talking evil of dignities. They were not of the O'Haras, nor yet of the Peter Smiths.

Some of their troubles, in a measure, these simple people drew upon themselves. Londoners of their class understand the art of being in a court, yet not of it.

But the Warriners had brought their provincial neighbourliness with them. It never even occurred to them that they might keep their room door closed to people who lived under the same roof, and the same prerogative must, in a way, be extended to everybody in the Rents.

"Ah, Misthress Warriner, but it's yerself that's the fine lady," Katty O'Hara would say, when she "dhropped in to borrow a flat-iron, having lent her own to a friend last Saturday evening;" "it's yerself that has everything nice about ye, and going off to yer church o' a Sunday, like a Christian, I swear, though ye are a Protestant-er." And then, leaving a trail of dirty foot-prints on Ellen's clean floor, which she must instantly fall to and remove, Katty would go off to her next neighbour's to say, "That's a proud piece, that is. We're too dirty and low for my lady. Lat her wait till she has childer climbing round her, and her man off with the rest o' 'em. Does she think it's hanging to her apron-string he'll be forever? Bedad, Mrs. Brian, but I'd rather have a bhoys like my Nick, than one that 'ud be a-counting the cinders on the hairth, and would not put on a shirt with a hole in't. Live and lat live, Mrs. Brian, and don't be allays strainin' yerself, is my motter. The Vargin and St. Peter'll know it's been hard lines for poor folk like us, an' they'll let us pass aisy."

"Those Warriners seem decent people," said Peter Smith to himself, (he never talked to anybody else). "But they have Katty O'Hara talkin' in their room, and I met Nick in the street with the man. Ne'er-do-wells, and heathen Catholics into the bargain. Besides, what do they want with a cat? A cat! A setting up of theirselves. Better save their money. If they knew all I know! Church-goers too. Do they think the parson cares for those that hasn't got to give? What do they think the parson's up to but just getting his livin', as well as he can, like the rest o' us? Those as works hard in poor parishes only do it to catch the bishop's eye, for then they are put to better pay, and they does no more. Did ye ever hear of a rich vicar a-going among fevers and thieves and bad women? Not he. He hires a young chap or two to do it cheap, and saves souls by proxy."

Poor Peter Smith! His wide, high forehead and large brain showed that God had given him more than his share of ideality, benevolence, and veneration. Where had they gone? He had a world as it should be, in his own brain, as ideal in humbler

materials as Plato's Republic. But there was no love to link it with the world as it is. He might plan arrangements by which want could be unknown, and property become a benefit for all; but when a lucky job brought him in an unexpected shilling, he never thought of giving a half-penny to the soldier's blind widow who stood begging in Dockgate Street. He had lost faith, even in his own visions. There was a sad story stereotyped on Peter's heart. First, the history of a cruel, loveless home, which stunted his body and put a warp on his mind very dangerous to the future pattern to be stamped thereon. Then a foolish love-tale; and the worst of it is, Peter never knew it to have been that, but persisted in repeating to himself that a perfectly angelic woman suddenly became a heartless and profligate deceiver. He had been working so hard to deserve her, for if he had been a little richer he would have had her at once. In his own mind, he put it, that his life's well being had been lost for forty or fifty pounds! O poor Peter Smith, instead of blaming God and all the world, what if you had only blamed yourself for setting up such a cracked doll in your shrine, and had presently made thanksgiving over its empty place! O poor Peter Smith, instead of toiling away your life at enmity with God and man, fiercely clutching at more and more of the dross with which you think you might once have bought happiness, you might have become a very apostle among your brethren, telling them that money may buy husks instead of wheat, and that the love of God and the love of woman, true peace and true friendship, are without price, and are more likely to be found by those who carry no bribe in their hands to tempt deceivers. But as your brain is dark and your heart is sour, it is all the worse for you and everybody that they are busy and large.

The Warriners, with their ready sociability, found it rather painful when Peter passed them in the passage without responding to their greeting, and on Sundays, when they were neatly equipped for church, it was rather hard to be pursued half down Dockgate Street by the juvenile O'Haras, echoing their paternal jeers, interspersed with witticisms of their own. Ellen had a temper, and a very strong inclination to give a "good clout o' the head" to the first jibing youngster she could catch, but Tom good-humouredly restrained her.

"Yes, yes, it is too bad, old girl," he

would say, "and that's why I want it to be done with as soon as possible. The fiercest fire goes out if you don't heap on coals. They'd just enjoy a scrimmage and a roar o' laugh, and we're not agoin' to treat 'em, we ain't."

"It do seem hard that people should annoy them as isn't harming them," Ellen would murmur, with hot tears crowding her blue eyes. "I don't see why they should have it all their own way."

"But they don't," Tom would answer brightly. "They want to worry us, and they can't, can they, old lady?"

"They're calling out about 'parish brats,'" said poor Ellen, giving her hand a wrest that nearly tugged it from the bondage of Tom's arm. "O dear, the wickedness of people, to be sure."

"How can they know about that?"

Tom asked, still drawing his wife on.

"Because one day when Katty was saying she did not see what chance her children would have with such a sot of a father, who 'ud be dead of drink before any of 'em were growed, I said that you'd been left a whole orphan at the age o' her youngest, and was just brought up in the Union, for as fine a fellow as you are now."

Perhaps Ellen repeated the compliment as salve to any soreness her feminine confidences might cause to her good man.

"Well, well, old girl," he said, "it's neither here nor there. Tell the truth and shame the devil. I am a parish brat, and there's the end of it. But I'm thinking we musn't talk to the likes o' the O'Haras as we'd talk to friends. We musn't give occasion for offence. If we gave a club to a man who wanted to murder us, and then he did his will, I say we'd deserve to be buried at cross roads with a stake put through us, as much as the poor chap as cut his throat at the Bell last week. We can always be 'friendly' of ourselves, Nelly lass, but it takes two parties to be 'friends.'"

And so Nelly had to submit to be rather lonely while her husband was at the wharf. To be sure, she knew it would not be for long, and she had some needlework to do in the meantime. But often and often she longed for some woman chatter. Not so much after the baby came. God lets mothers find society in their babes. Oddly enough, the baby renewed something of her old acquaintance with Katty, who would come in to kiss "the blessed darlint," and who seemed to feel less malice towards Ellen, now she was fairly launched on the ocean of married cares.

The baby seemed delicate at first; and Katty had a lame child herself, which she presently introduced to Ellen's new motherly sympathies, and which soon found its way wonderfully often to her clean, quiet room, where it was safe from fraternal hauls and buffets. It was a deformed, wizen-faced boy, one of those children who ask questions that no sage can answer. He puzzled Ellen sadly, which, to be sure, was not difficult. But, by a beautiful arrangement of Providence, three-feet-nothing never doubts the superior wisdom of five-feet-upwards; and Phelim O'Hara's metaphysical problems were presently forgotten in a proud knowledge of "How doth the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," and other didactic pieces more practically useful to five-years-old among the youthful idleness and brawling of Cocker's Rents. Modern ideas of liberty and tolerance were not in favour at that early date. Nelly Warriner never dreamed that when a mother of another faith left her child to her good offices, she was bound to bring it up in the errors of its ancestry. Nelly had her simple conscience on this matter, and did not tell the child that "some people would go to hell for worshipping idols made like the Virgin Mary," but only taught him about Christ and his cleansing blood, without reference to holy water or absolution.

As for Peter Smith, when he found that the Warriners could come in contact with the O'Haras without contracting their evil diseases of waste and ill-behaviour, he again softened into neighbourly civility—nothing more. He had lived so long alone, that he had forgotten to miss society, and perhaps could not have gained much from it. For all his crotchets, he had arguments which would have silenced, though without convincing, good, illiterate men like Tom Warriner, whose philosophy of life is summed up in the conclusion which Solomon himself, with all his wisdom, accepted after the weariness of vanity and brain-beating, "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

But Peter Smith, as he himself grimly phrased it, "had eyes to see." And among the grotesque fantasies of his Utopian dreamings, there would creep more and more the pleasant human presence of two plain people, doing common duty, but doing it as it is not often done. He took note of Tom's punctual evenings at home, of the happy connubial walks. He heard

the motherly hymn singing to the scarce-conscious infant, and he wondered how that child would turn out. Nobody had ever sung so to him. He marked the extra brightness and serenity of their Sabbath-day. He noted a religion that did not find utterance in an anathema or a lamentation, but in the voice of joy and the voice of gladness. Peter Smith wondered.

One day, when Nelly's boy was three years old, as Peter was coming slowly down stairs, he heard the plaining voices of the young Warriner and Phelim O'Hara pleading for something, to which Mrs. Warriner replied,—

"No, Phely. We can't keep two pussies, so Kitty must be drowned. It will be done in a minute. She will not feel it. I can't let her live even another day, because she would only feel it more."

And then Phely burst into such loud grief, that Nelly thought fit to make an apology to the shoemaker as he paused at the door.

"The cat has a kitten, Mr. Smith, and the children would like it kept to play with."

"Why don't you keep it?" said the shoemaker. "I should think it would call the brats off from worrying you. Ten chances to one but it would get lost before it grew up. Or you could stop feeding it when you liked, and then it would go away. Pity to vex the brats."

"O Mr. Smith!" said Nelly, shocked; "I'd never keep a kitten I didn't mean to look after; and as for vexin' the children, it isn't teachin' 'em to be kind to animals, to just like 'em for their own pleasure, when it's kinder to kill 'em mercifully than to leave 'em to be cold and hungry and ill-used."

"So you make a conscience of it, do you?" asked Peter, absently, and stroking the mother-cat, who was rubbing against his legs,—she generally hid herself at the very sound of his footstep.

"Of course I do," said Nelly simply; "else what's the good of a conscience?"

Peter went on stroking the cat in silence, till he suddenly looked up and said—

"Keep the kitten for me, Mrs. Warriner. You can have it as long as it's young and playful, and the children will always keep on seeing it after. I'll feed it well. I do a thing when I says it. And you can take it away whenever you see I don't."

"I agreed to it," Ellen narrated to her husband. "It'll be some company for the poor old man, I thought. But I don't know as I'd a-done it so ready if it wasn't to be in my sight, for I don't like people as calls children brats."

"Give me the motherly love that don't think it has a right to override the whole world for the sake of it's own young," mumbled Peter Smith, as he stumped away. "That's the sort as lasts, and means something, I reckon."

The children always called the kitten "Mr. Smith's kitten," and would rush out to catch him by his coat-tails, and bring him to the parlour, certain that he must be interested in the manners and customs of his *protégé*. In due time, they forced him into one of these involuntary invasions when Tom Warriner was at home, and a game of gambols with "the kitlings,"—a name which Peter substituted for "brats,"—somehow ended in a gossip and a bread-and-cheese supper. Peter could not help showing that he was what Tom called "queer," but he did not broach any of his heresies, under the magnanimous self-delusion that "he would not trouble the poor simple fellow's mind,"—"let him go on in the way that he was happy in." And so it came to pass, that, after the kitten's majority, the odd, warped, speculating shoemaker was bewitched into having the two boys up to his own attic to sport with their old play-fellow, and sent them down with a penny in each hand, and treacle-besmeared faces.

So the Warriners lived in Cocker's Rents for many years, in the course of which little Phelim O'Hara died. His parents brought a priest to him before he went, and he was sprinkled with holy water, and afterwards Nicky kept sober for a month to pay for masses for the little soul that Nelly Warriner knew was safe in Jesus' bosom. But Nelly knew that "it did not matter."

Peter Smith went on living in the same old attic, still alone, except for the kitten, become a sober old Tom-cat. Years don't matter much to such as Peter, who are born brown and wrinkled and bent. Peter had spoken to people more of late, but they were only the more afraid of him—he put things so forcibly, and so curtly, that there was no forgetting them. Peter would spend an evening with the Warriners sometimes; oftener and oftener, as they grew to understand him, and to find that he liked to be left alone, and to have things go on before him just as if he was not there. He lived as meanly as ever, but had actually presented young Thomas with a top and a set of marbles. Peter had been vastly tickled by young Thomas crying because he could not read the stories at the end of his spelling-book before he knew the alphabet, and had observed, "there's older than you lad that have tried that game before him." Peter worked no more on

Sundays, but wandered out, and attended service at any church he happened to pass, and made wonderful discoveries of "real fine preachers," and "splendid painted windows." Be it noted, he always professed to "come upon" the first whilst in search of the last. There was always a trifle in the disused poor-boxes where he had been, but the pew-openers did not in the least connect that with the little shabby old stranger, who never expected to be shown into a pew.

"I've missed a deal in my life, because I looked in the wrong place for it," old Peter Smith would mutter to himself as he stumbled about in some dim City churchyard, "but it's better to know that than to think it's because there's nothing good at all. There's an odd sole and uppers got together in me somehow, but when the uppers is worn out, maybe it'll be a better match next time. It's wonderful, it is, to me, how, when you likes one person, and knows 'em to be thorough good, you feels it unreasonable to suppose you've lighted on a phoenix, or whatever they calls the reptile that lives only one at a time in the world,—a thing I never would believe in. There's the Warriners now. Don't I know what they're doin' at this blessed minute. They're jist home from church, and little Tom's repeating of the text, while he's waiting to take a jug of broth to that poor widow round the corner with the twins and the lame boy." Peter paused there, in grinning reflection that little Tom would run home breathlessly, with a marvellous story how the widow had had a porter come to her with a sack of coals, and how the porter would leave it, because he was sure it was all right, and was paid for,—“then there'll be grace before meat, and dinner, and catechism, and hymns, and telling Bible stories. And when I knows that, I knows that you may multiply it by thousands. The devil publishes his doins, murders, and filthiness, and theivins'—ay, an' of hypocrisy and self-righteousness. But God keeps his grace growin' quietly, like the blessed corn, or the spreadin' cedar. If ye want to prove it, ye must get some planted in your own heart. If you want to believe that other people do good deeds, do one yourself. When you've given a shilling in secret, you'll feel quite certain there's plenty more has done the same.”

It was a November Sunday. The Warriners had been to Shadwell church, as usual. Warriner's master, Mr. Billiter, the rich owner of the great wharf, had also been, alone, in his great square pew; and Nelly, who often stole a respectful glance

at her husband's employer, fancied that morning that the rich man's eye suddenly fell on Thomas, and rested on him with strange reflective meaning. Of course, Nelly knew that it must be pure fancy. She could never help feeling a kind of pity for Mr. Billiter. He seemed always to be so lonely, sitting by himself right under the elaborate scroll which, sixteen years before the Warriners came to London, he had put up to the memory of his wife, Griselda, aged twenty-four, and their infant son, aged two months. She knew his great red brick mansion down by the wharf, standing in a little square, so near the City bustle, and yet so strangely silent. Her husband had once taken her over some part of the business premises which overlooked the back of this mansion, and she had seen its red-tiled court and great laurel-trees in green buckets, and its mildewed stone fountain, where the water fell with a slow sobbing sound. This court overlooked the river, was in some sort reclaimed from the mud, whereon the Billiter barges lay below its balustrade. Nelly had seen Mr. Billiter come out of his house, take three or four quick turns to and fro, and then stand quite still, looking drearily out over the water. The scene took a strange fascination for Nelly. It seemed so weirdly desolate. Had it been just so in the times of dead Griselda Billiter? And had this water gone on falling thus ever since? Was the fountain mildewed then? The house looked so big and cold and unhome-ly, that it made Nelly's foolish little heart shiver. Whenever, in days gone by, Peter Smith had been inclined to speak about the advantage of capital over labour, and the injustice of laws that bore unequally upon rich and poor, that court-yard by the river had risen on Nelly's mind, with a sense that there were other inequalities whose balance was not always in favour of the rich, and an utter thankfulness for the snug domesticity of her humble home in Cocker's Rents. She remembered it now, at the very moment that she thought Mr. Billiter looked at her good man. It seemed as if the misty river and the moaning fountain and the dead silence of the mansion, were all in his grave eyes. Nelly only knew that they gave her "a kind o' creeps," and that she was heartily glad when the clergyman's familiar voice gave out: "Our text is taken from that word of God—

"He that winneth souls is wise."

The Warriners spent their Sabbath afternoon in their usual quiet, sacred way. They had tea by candlelight, and Mrs

Warriner counted it no sin to make a little toast while her husband read aloud to her from the copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," which he had given her in their courting days. Peter Smith dropped in and took tea with them.

"We had a fine sermon to-day," Mr. Warriner observed meditatively, as they were all sitting with their emptied cups before them. "He that winneth souls is wise." Why is he wise? Because he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. As parson said, he saves a good thing and destroys a bad one. He serves God and defeats the devil. He puts another pearl in the Lord's jewel-case, and wipes away a bit of Satan's blot on the fair face of creation!"

"How fine you do remember!" said the gratified wife. "I can't call back the words like that."

"But the sense is the thing, Nell," returned Warriner, "an' I don't know whether we've ever taken it in. I don't know as we've ever done any good to anybody; and, as parson says, everybody as we've ever missed a chance of doing good to will rise up against us at the judgment day. Only fancy one's being in heaven, Nell, and somebody else in hell that one might have kept out! Seems to me one would take hell into heaven with one. Do you mind that curse in the Song of Deborah, which parson repeated — 'Curse ye Meroz, (said the angel of the Lord,) curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?'"

"But what ever can we do?" asked Nelly earnestly. "We can't preach, and I can hardly read, Tom, an' I'm kind o' terrible scared to ever speak serious to people. It seems taking upon oneself. What can the likes of me do, Tom?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter Smith, with a queer twist on his grotesque face. "Of course, being kind to your neighbours, and lettin' 'em see what good folk there are in the world, and training an odd kitling here and there to say its prayers and not to fight, of course, all them trifles go for nothing, don't they, Mrs. Warriner?"

Nelly looked at him absently, and swayed her head gently to and fro. Peter Smith had moods which she could not understand yet.

"Didn't parson say that it was nothing

to do with ourselves?" pursued Tom. "That it's God's own work, and that He chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, that no flesh should glory?"

He was interrupted by a heavy knock on the outer door.

It seemed to freeze them for a second. Then Warriner went out to see who it was. There stood Mr. Billiter himself. He laid his hand on Warriner's arm to enjoin silence. And the hand was cold and heavy as death.

"You must come with me to the wharf," he said huskily. "There is something to be done there, and I think I can trust you. Not work, except of mercy, as you would call it. You may not be back till morning. Tell your wife so. Say only that you are summoned to the wharf. It means life or death, Warriner. Quick!"

Thomas hastily returned to his parlour for hat and wraps, and the listening gentleman could hear him cheerfully announce, "I'm wanted at the wharf, on a sudden 'mergency. Don't be frightened if I an't back to-night. Mr. Smith'll see that you're not run away with;" and he could also hear all the exclamations of surprise and regret, and wisely wishes that he'd keep himself warm and take some sandwiches with him. Mr. Billiter noted all these things in thankfulness that Tom Warriner knew really how to keep a secret — almost too well it proved; for the utterly unsuspicious wife and son came to peep after their departing idol, and it was only by great dexterity that Mr. Billiter turned on his heel and eluded their recognition.

He led the way — walking hastily through the narrow turnings so familiar to Tom's working days. It was a dull night — starless overhead and sloppy under foot. He walked so fast, that Tom found it enough to do to keep his breath and follow. On and on they threaded their way, past the head of stairs about which the river was lapping and gurgling, till at last they reached the wharf-buildings, and there Mr. Billiter opened a side door with a key which he took from his pocket. He shut it quickly after them, and they were in total darkness. Tom almost thought his master must hear his heart's beating. But flint and steel had been put in readiness, and Mr. Billiter knew where to lay his hand upon them. The light was reassuring, but the accustomed scene, the mere common casks and barrows, seemed

weirdly strange. No horror can be so ghastly as accessories of time, circumstance, and sensation can make the simplest surroundings of ordinary life. What ghosts thronged your happy drawing-room that long night, when, with one dim candle, you sat there watching whether death would go out alone in the morning or would take the desire of your eyes with him? So to poor Tom Warriner there seemed to be ghosts in the wharf that evening, and often afterwards he wondered which is most reality, what we believe in our ease and quietness, or what we feel when we are most "out of ourselves?"

Presently they passed on to a scarcely used part of the wharf, where Tom had only been once or twice through all his long years of service. Tom remembered that some fellow-workmen had told him it lay beneath the tiled river terrace of the Billiter mansion, and then he had wondered where a door led which stood in the wall farthest from the warehouses. It was only lit by two small porthole windows, dark with dirt, whose shutters were now, as in general, closed. But a small oil-lamp swinging from the ceiling was burning sluggishly, casting some insufficient light over the dismal place.

Mr. Billiter walked straight to the door which had once aroused Tom's speculation. He opened it, and signed to his hesitating servant to follow him.

Tom found himself in a small square room, whose ancient odour of damp and disuse not even a blazing fire had effectually dissipated. It was carpeted and furnished with some plain pretension to comfort. There were food and wine standing on a little quaint sideboard. Thrown down in a corner, lay a knapsack and other small packings. And close before the fire, with his face towards them as they entered, sat a young man.

At their entrance he did not stir limb or muscle. He sat steadfastly gazing at the glowing coals in the grate. A tall, powerfully-built young man, in the garb of a gentleman, but with marks on his clothes of rough and hasty travel through indifferent weather. He had thick, fair locks for Mr. Billiter's thin iron-grey hair, and steel-grey eyes for his dark brown ones, but still there was that in his face which told Tom he was of his master's kith and kin.

"Sit down, Warriner," said Mr. Billiter in that stern tone which Tom never dreamed of disobeying, though he protested against his compliance by occupy-

ing the smallest inch of the nearest chair. "Now, listen, Warriner. That gentleman is my nephew. He has unfortunately—committed a"—Mr. Billiter commanded a choke with great difficulty—"done something which is punished with a very terrible penalty. An American ship, whose captain I know, is lying down off Woolwich, waiting for the favourable wind that is just now springing up. You are a good oarsman; so is he. There is a boat lying below yonder window," and he indicated a narrow casement reaching to the ground, and which Tom now noticed was carefully blinded by a thick blanket. "What I want of you is, that you should take that gentleman to that American ship. You shall get more by it than an informer would get to give him up to the law."

Tom did not even notice the last words. He was rather confounded by the sudden transition from the homely happiness of his own fireside to this murky atmosphere of mystery. But his brain was still acute enough to take the nearest turning towards a straightforward knowledge of the "rights and wrongs" of it.

"It isn't murder, is it?" he asked in a whisper.

"No—oh no," Mr. Billiter answered almost impatiently.

"You must 'cuse me askin' questions, sir," said candid Tom, "maybe you needn't trust me less for not wanting to go quite blindfold. Is there anyone that hasn't been in the sin—maybe suffered from it instead—that'll be worse off if this young gentleman escapes than if he was punished, if I may make so bold, sir?"

For the first time since their entrance the figure before the fire stirred, and answered for himself.

"The sin' was not committed—only planned. Some have already suffered for it, but my life could not restore their lives. The 'sin' was high treason."

The voice was rich and powerful, but with a tone of reckless bravado, which Tom scarcely noticed in his feeling of horror that over the youth, before him, his old master's own nephew, hung the dreadful doom that had just overtaken several malcontents and conspirators in the midland counties, thrilling the kingdom with a feeling of pain and shame that had reached even to the humble politicians of Cocker's Rents.

Tom Warriner was loyal. He loved the poor dazed old king, and knew all the

pretty stories of Windsor domestic life and cottage Bible-giving. He believed that "the goverment" might be wrong enough sometimes, "like everything else, but was a deal nearer right than them as tried to upset it." But here he was face to face with this young traitor, all forlorn and defeated, with his life in his hand, lurking in this insecurely secret retreat. The sparrow may have been stealing the corn, and the great six-foot farmer, with a big gun in his hand, may have been quite justified in setting a trap for it; but when we see the little thing beating its wings against the wires, is it very wicked of us to lift the trap and let the bird out at a safe distance? There will always be sparrows, and one here and there does not make much difference except to the birdie itself. The king was safe at Windsor, with his guards about him, and his great forts ready, and an army waiting to fight for him. And here was this youngster, with the noose round his neck, fairly in Tom Warriner's hand.

"I'll do it," said Tom. "I don't believe the king hisself would blame me. He has to be so severe when he catches 'em, that I'll be bound he's glad to miss 'em sometimes. I'm ready, master."

The young man rose, put on a rough muffling outer-garment, and took up his knapsack and other traps. The uncle and nephew looked at each other in silence, and then the former blew out the light before he removed the screen from the window. It was dark work. Tom and the stranger felt their way along a narrow parapet into the boat, while Mr. Billiter cautiously unloosed the moorings. Though they were so close that they could hear the slip of the rope, the gloom was so profound that they could not see it. Not a word was uttered—not one good-bye.

Swiftly, stealthily they rowed on till they were fairly clear of the crowd of shipping and barges. All that time the young man had worked hard, so that it took Tom's utmost skill to keep pace with him. But no sooner were they in the open river than he ceased from his straining exertions, and rested wearily on his oars.

"I hope it is not too much for you, sir," said Tom respectfully, after a prolonged pause.

There was no answer except a hard breath, and a resumption of the rowing.

It was an eerie journey. There had been nothing to win Tom in the stranger's repellent silence or haughty explanation; and now the very darkness shut out even the dumb appeal of his young years and manly

beauty. Yet the good man's simple heart yearned pitifully towards his unknown companion. It seemed so sad to be going out thus in the dark, floating down the river to the ocean like a broken, useless straw. Tom thought of his own boy at home, and how he and his mother would be sitting down to supper at this very minute; and then he wondered where was the woman on whose knee this lad had lain, and what they were doing—whoever they were—in the house where he had been brought up. He wrought himself up till he could keep silence no longer.

"Cheer up, sir," he said kindly; "you'll have a brighter coming back some day."

"Coming back!" echoed the other scornfully, as if he picked up Tom's words to cheapen them. "No coming back for me. If there's no more for me elsewhere than here, at least there can't be less."

"Isn't your mother living, sir?" Tom asked respectfully.

"She died when I was born," he said.

"Nor your father, sir?"

"He was dead before. He never saw me. Your grand Mr. Billiter is my nearest relation. He's my uncle—mother's side. He took a dislike to me because I was born on the same day as his own child, and the beggar brat lived while the heir died, and he did not approve of the arrangement. Row away, my good man; though I don't know why I should run for my life—it's not worth having."

"Oh, sir," said Tom earnestly, "don't speak so lightly. Your life is not your own. It belongs to God who gave it."

The youth did not answer.

"May be, sir, if I may make so bold," said Tom, "it's sometimes seemed to you as if there was none as scared particular for you. It's hard, that feelin' is. I've known something of it in my poor way in my young days. But there's one Friend for every one of us, and in Him and by Him we have all things. I dare say you're thinkin' it's like my impudence to be tellin' you what you must ha' been taught long ago. But there's times, sir, when the weakest word of another heartens one more than his own wisest thought. There's times, sir, when a rich man'll ask at a ploughman's door for a cup of cold water, an' thank him for it. An' so I ventures to remind ye, sir, that there's One that's watchin' over ye, and knowing all your goings, and'll never lose sight of ye, over the sea to the very poles."

Still silence.

"There's them, sir, as teaches that God is a King, and we're his rebellious subjects,

and that's true enough, so far as it goes; but He's our Father as well, an' we know how a father feels even to rebellious children. Didn't good King David say, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom!' And the fact is, God Himself did die for us rebels, and there's no more penalty hanging over us, 'cept just like those purlumptious patriots who won't come home to their own country even when a free pardon's published, but beats their own back and banishes themselves."

Still there came no answering word.

"It's wonderful how different things look when we once feel that God really knows all about us and watches over us. It's awful to fancy we're just some chance spark, shooting about anyhow, to be snuffed out some day for no reason in partik'lar. It's enough to tempt us to try to flare up and do a little fireworks of our own accord before the darkness comes. But we haven't to think of ourselves at all. We've just got to think of God."

"What do we know about Him?" It was said in a shrill whisper, and Tom could hear the misery below the mockery.

"We know that He made man in his image, sir, and we can think of the best man we ever came across and of what a friend he would be if he was a million times better than he is, and, into the bargain, able to see and know everything—even the very thoughts of the heart—and to do his own good will. Oh, sir, He's a looking at you this very minute, and knowing what you're thinking, sir, and how hard it's all been for you; and He's loving you, and wanting you to love Him back, if you only would."

Tom heard the stranger laugh in the darkness. It was a laugh which chilled his blood.

"You good people don't understand," said the youth, hardly, and with a mighty pull at the oars. "Perhaps you've got nothing in your heart that you don't want God to see. Perhaps you are looking forward to the judgment day to bring all your unseen virtues into light. It is not so with me."

"Oh, sir, I think it's you that don't understand," pleaded poor Tom. "I know myself a deal more of a sinner than you do yourself in your real heart, sir. Not that it does us any good to think about our sins, except to bring them to the Saviour; and if everybody else will turn from us, He's one that never does."

And then they pulled on for a long, long time in silence, till Greenwich Palace was

left so far behind them, that Tom knew they must be drawing near their journey's end.

"I guess my little lad is in his bed by this time," he said cheerily. "Ay, but we've had a fair passage down. I've pulled the stronger, knowing he'd be a praying, 'God bless dear father and take care of him.' I'm thinking this here black shadow will be the ship we want. We must draw up cautious and speak her."

It was the American vessel. That ascertained, the stranger himself stood up in the boat and shouted a few words that were hieroglyphics to all but the captain, who instantly summoned him on board. Tom was to go too, and remain till early morning, when there would be nothing suspicious in his return.

Tom handed up his companion's knapsack and other scanty baggage. Such light, poor baggage, with no hard substance in it to speak the presence of even a single book, to carry a softening memory of the past into the drear, bald future. The lad, standing on deck, stooped to receive them, and some flaring light falling full on his face, showed it even whiter and sharper than it had looked at the little room of the wharf. But Tom heard that he was speaking in some light jest to the captain, whose reply he caught.

"He's saved your body, anyhow."

"Yes," returned the other; "but that was in his bargain; this wasn't."

"I reckon it would be a harder one if it was." And the two laughed and turned away, and disappeared down the cabin stairs.

Tom had first to see that the boat was made fast, and then the steward called him to the fore-castle and set before him some plain, sailor-like refreshment, which was very welcome after his hard labour. The place was quiet enough. The men not on duty were in their berths, either helplessly snoring off their last debauch on shore, or anxious to secure the best rest they might get for days, amid the extra labours of a start and the perils of the Channel. But the fore-castle was close and ill-odorous, and Tom was glad to get on deck again.

He stumbled over something. It was the refugee's miserable luggage, still lying where he had left it. Tom lifted it up and removed it to a spot safer from damp or damage. It was Tom's instinct to do a kindly or a careful deed.

"Poor lad!" he sighed to himself. "I'm feared he's laughin' at all I've been sayin' to him. Poor enough it was, I know; I wish it could ha' been better, not to have

offered a temptation to his scorning. He's had a cold, spoiled kind of life, I should say. I wonder the master didn't take to him years ago. One would ha' thought his being born along with his own little one would have been a sort of tie, like. I've always felt kinder soft to that little Winny O'Hara, as came the day arter Nell had the baby-girl that died. But folks' feelin's differ."

Ay, Tom, and so they do. Feelings follow thoughts, and they go apart as far as east and west. You think of your children as sent of God, to be brought up for his service, and loved in your love for Him; and you say of your dead baby, "that God took it to Himself." But Mr. Billiter thought of his child as his heir, who should succeed to the great fortune he was making for it, and perhaps set a title before the family name. And when the child died, he wrote upon its monument that "it was snatched from its despairing father."

Ay, Tom, feelings differ; widely as submission and rebellion, or as the love that is born of the former from the hatred that burns in the latter.

Tom, silently pacing the deck, presently felt something bump against his side. Putting his hand to his pocket, he found there the little fat old fashioned copy of Doddridge's great work, which he had thus hastily stowed away when Mr. Billiter's knock had startled the family group in Cocker's Rents. Tom opened it, and looked at it for a moment by the dim red light. Then a sudden thought struck him. He crossed to the spot where the baggage lay, and carefully inserted it among the folds of the wrappers, which constituted the chief part of the luggage.

"It's all a chance whether he ever finds it," muttered Tom; "but it was a bow drawn at a venture that sent the arrow which killed King Ahab in his disguise. If you never throw your bread on the water, you can't find it after many days, that's all."

Tom did not see his late fellow-traveller again. The captain came up and spoke to him by-and-by, and Tom passed the night in the steward's room, and started off early in the morning. It was a cheerier journey home, for the morning was bright for November, and the sense of danger was gone.

As he neared the wharf, there stood Mr. Billiter at that long narrow window of the little room, and he signed to Tom to land as he had embarked.

It struck Warriner that his master had passed the night in that damp, desolate

chamber; for the fire was still burning, and the food and wine stood on the side-board, as before.

"Safe?" asked Mr. Billiter, with almost voiceless lips.

"Safe aboard, thank God, sir," Tom replied, "and they were lifting anchor when I left, and the wind's strong in their favour."

There were papers on the table. At this instant Tom's eye fell upon them and perceived them to be bank-notes.

"Take them, Warriner," said Mr. Billiter. "They offered a hundred pounds for him dead or alive. There are two hundred."

Tom made a stumble backwards. "If you please, no, sir," he said. "There's some things as oughtn't to be done for money. I'd not break the king's laws for money, sir, but I'd break them for feelin's for a poor human creetur as had got misguided in his youth, to give him another chance for this life and that which is to come. Because in a general way that's God's law, and has the king's law inside it."

Mr. Billiter looked at him keenly. Suspicion was rising. "You didn't say this before you went," he said.

"No, sir, I know I did not," Tom replied: "because I wanted to serve my old master and the young gentleman; and somehow rich folks can't help thinking that poor ones is only to be safe hired for money. You've felt easier like all night than if I'd said this at first. And now it's over."

Mr. Billiter rose and paced the room. He was a proud, hard man. He had cared for his nephew's safety chiefly for the repute of his house, and some chilling horror of kindred flesh dangling from a gibbet. But the whole affair had sent darts of anguish through his very pride and hardness, and all night his iron will had been stamping down his heart. And through all he must keep silence, since none but himself knew aught, except the nephew so sternly parted, and their one accomplice, this menial hireling.

It was a fitting commentary on Tom's upright impulse, that it instantly broke the fetter of position, and placed the two side by side, man and man.

"It is very hard upon me," cried the great merchant, clenching his fists as he strode to and fro. "I did my duty by him, though I could not bear him near me because of the child I had lost. But I did my duty by him. He had more than if his spendthrift father had lived. He had everything! And now, just as I was get-

ting over my shrinking from him, and arranging that he should live with me and succeed me, I find him mixed up with traitors and outlaws, lurking about with a price on his head. And I must endanger myself to save me from disgrace. And I must be left lonely—lonely. It is hard, Warriner; it is hard, hard."

"Sir," said poor Warriner humbly, "wasn't it a little hard on the lad that you should shun him because o' memories and griefs that didn't lie under his hand, but were the very will of the merciful God? It's over and gone now, sir, and can't be altered, an' I've no wish to say a word to hurt you. But I think it would make it kind of easier for you to bear, sir, at this very moment, if you'd think more of the poor lad himself, that's gone out with none to say 'God speed him.'"

The great merchant walked once more to and fro in silence. Then he stopped. "You're a good fellow, Warriner," he said, with his hand on his servant's arm. "I won't offer you the money again. But we'll be friends. Go home and rest. Come back at five o'clock this evening, and I'll have a few words with you. Good-day."

But long before five o'clock a messenger came flying to Cocker's Rents with the news that Mr. Billiter had been found lying dead on his bed. A blood-vessel broken in the heart, said the medical evidence.

Thomas Warriner kept his secret. He knew that the dead was best served by so doing, and Tom never reckoned up the chances of promotion that died with his old master, though he was very sorry that he had left him so willingly that last morning, and that death's river now separated himself from their appointed interview.

Under a will made many years before, Mr. Billiter's property passed to his only brother, an iron merchant in the North, who instantly realized it. Tom did not take service under a new master in London. He found some chance of a small post in Norwich, and Nelly and he were both heartily glad of the opportunity to return to the old familiar town.

The evening before they started Tom put a little parcel into his wife's hand.

"It's a new 'Rise and Progress,' old lady. I took the other with me that night that master called me to the wharf, and I—left it behind. But here is this one, better print, and gilt leaves."

"Thank you very much, Tom," said Nelly; "only I'm sorry for the other, for

old sake o' the days when you gave it to me."

"Well, well, lassie," returned Tom, "if old sake didn't stand by sometimes, new sake would never have a turn."

Peter Smith and all the O'Haras came out to Dockgate Street to see them off. Once more, the Bell inn. Once more the old Norwich coach. Another good-bye. One parting cheer. And they go as they came. As poor: as insignificant. And the ranks of the great city close up, and all is as if they had never been there.

But there is another City, whose population no man can number, as they gather in from the east and from the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Everything that begins in these cities of ours is finished in That City, and the worth of no work is known till it is done. And there rank will be reckoned by capacity for love, and wealth will be counted by the souls we have brought into the King's treasury. And God's word shall not return unto Him void, but shall have accomplished that which He pleased, and shall have prospered in the thing whereto He sent it.

Forty years after. Forty years.

And more than four thousand miles away.

It is a flourishing new town in the Far West of America. A wonderful town, sprung up since the capitals of the Old World have grown hoary. A young town, somewhat rough and rude and pushing, after the manner of youth. Where "best people" have made fortunes in "pork-packing," and where gentlemen who will give a dinner-party at night, in the morning lead home the live turkeys that shall grace the festive board. Plenty of wild daring, reckless sin, but, thank God, plenty also of that Divine Spirit which is the salvation of nations.

Just beyond its border stands a pleasant country house, white, verandahed, and a little careless in its luxuriant gardening—very different from the staid old homes of England, with their stately cedars and trim shaven lawns. But still a pleasant and a hospitable place, with catholicity of welcome that some of the ivied English manor-houses might well envy. It is the country residence of Mr. Herbert Latimer.

He is known in the town. Every boy in the street knows his name. Old residents of the better class will tell how he "came out" when he was quite a young man, and went into a merchant's office, and

how grave and reserved he was for a long time, and how regularly he attended all the meetings of the church, but like one who was sorely tossed and troubled in mind. How a peace seemed to come to him at last, and he gradually entered the society of his fellows, and by the safe ascent of diligence and respect he gained the heights of wealth and honour, and married happily, and had the finest family in the township, and has lived to see them flourishing in the church, at the bar, and the mart, and to have grandchildren to play about his knees.

Who founded the Strangers' Hospital? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who projected and maintains the Young Men's Institute? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who started the plan of furnishing small libraries to all the ships that trade from that town? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who is the faithful friend of the widow, and the trusty guardian of the orphan? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who fearlessly carries his Christianity into the Town Council Board and the local government? Mr. Herbert Latimer.

Look at him now in his study. A tall, fine old man, with masses of waving silver hair, and steel-grey eyes that years and care have left undimmed. He is standing at his window, with a small book in his hand. His children know that book, and reverence it. It seems to them a very plain, old-fashioned work. It never particularly struck them. But their father has told them that it came to him as the very voice of God. That it saved him for this world and for the next.

He is poring over the rude peasant caligraphy on its fly-leaf—the one poor clue to the mystery that gives the book a romantic interest. He only knows he found it among his luggage one wild and stormy night, when he was sailing down the English Channel some forty years ago. He cannot help connecting it with a good, simple-hearted man, who took him down the river Thames in darkness and danger two or three nights before. But he cannot

tell. Years after he wrote home to England to try to trace that man, but utterly failed; which was no wonder, considering that he did not even know his name.

So once more he ponderingly repeats the well-known inscription in his treasure:—

"To Ellen Parkyn, with best love from T. W."

"But I shall know about it in heaven," he says musingly. "What awful interest there will be in the reperusal of our own lives, and the discovery of the secrets thereof!" And he gazes dreamily upon the wide, wild landscape that stretches before his window.

But his mind can make no picture of a low, wooden gravestone in an old churchyard of Norwich, England. A man and his wife lie buried there—poor, respectable people, who died in old age, and left behind them a humble memory as kindly, pleasant neighbours and good parents, but were certainly never heard of ten miles from home, except, perhaps, in the little court where they once lived in London.

No name carved and gilded on marble in famous cemetery, or under cathedral dome. No name in print anywhere, except where it is fading away on the decaying wooden slab, where little children come to trim the daisies and heartease that grow on "grandfather's grave."

What does that matter to Thomas War-riner now? In heaven he must surely know of that pleasant country house in the far, far West, and of the good works that fructify there to bless the great town whose very name he never heard.

There stands Herbert Latimer, in the heart of the New World, with a thankful remembrance of the unknown good man who dropped his crumb into the rapid river of life, and never looked to find it again in this world. And as he turns away from his wide, cheerful window, he murmurs softly—

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

ON June 16 a severe storm assailed Constantinople. During its height three waterspouts swept across different parts of the Bosphorus in great volume and with unusual fury. By one of them a caique was destroyed. The

lightning struck the lightning-conductor on the great Gulata Tower in Pera, and also the wire at the Observatory connecting it with the arsenal at Tophaneh. On the other side of the Bosphorus, at Scutari, a house was struck.

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GREENLAND.

BY WILLIAM PENGELLY, F.R.S., F.G.S.

GEOGRAPHERS and geologists have for some time devoted a large amount of attention and labour to Greenland; and, judging from the numerous reports and papers on it, which have been read to various scientific bodies, it must be admitted that their efforts have been crowned with great success. Of these communications, those which have most recently arrested our attention are Professor Heer's "Contributions to the Fossil Flora of North Greenland," read to the Royal Society of London on March 11, 1869,* and Dr. Brown's "Physics of Arctic Ice," read to the Geological Society of London on June 22, 1870,† the latter treating of the country as it is at present, and the former of its condition during the Miocene period of the geologist.

From time to time, Arctic voyagers—especially McClintock, Inglefield, Colomb, and Olrick—have brought from Greenland considerable collections of fossil plants, which have been lodged in the Museums of London, Dublin, and Copenhagen. They have attracted so much attention, and their revelations have been so startling, as to induce the Royal Society of London and the British Association to vote, in 1866, liberal grants of money for the purpose of investigating the fossiliferous beds, and making as complete a collection as possible of the remains of the plants which they contain. The expedition was entrusted to Mr. E. Whymper, so well known for his Alpine researches, and Dr. Brown, who had previously travelled in Arctic North America, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, and had availed himself of the ample opportunities he had thus enjoyed for studying ice phenomena.

They reached the colony of Jacobshavn, in Greenland, on June 16, 1867, and left the island on the 10th of the following September, having received, during their stay, every assistance from the Danish authorities. The fossils they brought home were submitted to Professor Heer, the eminent botanist of Zurich, whose report on them has already been named.

Greenland is in all likelihood a large wedge-shaped island, covered everywhere in the interior with a sheet of ice of unknown depth. The coast-line surrounding this vast *mer de glace* is of variable breadth,

and has the aspect of a circle of bare bleak islands rising to the height of about two thousand feet, and separated by deep inlets or fjords, which are the channels through which the overflow of the interior ice finds its way to the sea. During the short Arctic summer the snow clears off this outskirting land, on which the population of Greenland lives and the Danish trading-posts are built.

Though a familiar subject of conversation among the colonists from the earliest times, very few of them have ever visited the great interior sea of ice; whilst the natives have a great horror of it, not only because of the dangers it presents, but from a belief that it is inhabited by evil spirits of monstrous forms. At the inlets, where the interior ice sometimes reaches the sea, it presents "ice-walls," varying in height from one thousand to three thousand feet, according to the depth of the valley. This wall is always steep, because bergs are continually breaking off from it, thus rendering approach to it very dangerous, on account, not only of the falling ice, but of the waves which it produces. One of these faces, known as Humboldt's Glacier, is about sixty miles broad.

Once fairly on the ice in the interior, a dreary scene meets the view—one great ice-field, unbroken in all directions, except in those in which the outskirting land is seen. The traveller, however, finds it traversed with *crevasses*, the bottom of which he is unable to see, or to reach with his sounding-line. The surface of the field rises continuously but gently, the gradient diminishing towards the interior. In the winter it must be covered with a deep layer of snow, and the surface must be as smooth as a glassy lake; but in the summer this covering is converted into water, which, in the form of streams, finds its way to the sea, directly by flowing on the surface to the edge, or indirectly by falling into the *crevasses*, and thence by subglacial routes. As is the case with glaciers generally, the surface of the ice is ridged and furrowed; and so far as observations have gone, this increases towards the interior. Nowhere is there to be seen on it a trace of any living thing, or a patch of earth, or a stone, or, in short, anything whatever to remind one of the outer world. An afternoon breeze blows over it regularly with such piercing bitterness, that the explorers found their Eskimo dogs crouched under the lee of the sledge for shelter.

There seems every probability that the country is covered with one continu-

* See "Phil. Trans." for 1869, Pt. II. pp. 445-483.

† See "Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc." vol. xxvi. pp. 671-701.

ons almost level field of ice, concealing or obliterating all indications of hill and valley, without a single break, for upwards of twelve hundred miles from north to south, and four hundred from east to west. Its thickness is unknown; but when it is remembered that every square mile contains six hundred and forty acres, that the weight of an inch of rain is upwards of one hundred tons per acre, and that, even exclusive of the pressure, the specific gravity of ice is about eight-ninths of that of water, it will be seen that the unbroken ice-field of Greenland must have an area of upwards of three hundred million acres, and a weight of more than twenty-seven thousand million tons for every inch of its thickness.

From the facts that ice-bergs are rare on the east coast, and that no stones or other indications of land are found on the surface of the ice-field, it is thought probable that there is no high land in the interior, but that the ice slopes continuously from east to west; and as the surface of the vast accumulation of ice in the known interior, so far from anywhere attaining the height of the circumscribing land, can only be seen by climbing to considerable elevations on the latter, it is believed by Dr. Brown that the bare surface of the country, were its glacial covering removed, would resemble a huge shallow vessel with high walls around it—a vessel now filled with ice, which slowly flows off, in the form of glaciers, through the enormous lips in the zone of mountain-land forming its rim. Dr. Brown is of opinion that a great inlet once stretched across the island from Jacobshavn ice-fjord, as represented on the old maps, but that it is now choked up with consolidated bergs.

It can scarcely be doubted that in the course of ages, the glaciers, slowly travelling seaward, grind down the bottoms of the valleys to the sea-level, and thus convert the valleys themselves into fjords, such as are so prevalent on the coasts of northern countries in general. When a glacier reaches the sea, it grooves its way along the submarine bottom for a considerable distance—in some instances upwards of a mile—until it is stopped by the buoying action of the water, through which, and not the force of gravity, a portion is ultimately broken off and an ice-berg is formed. "The ice," says Dr. Brown, "groans and creaks, then there is a crashing, then a roar like the discharge of a park of artillery, and with a monstrous regurgitation of waves, felt far from

the scene of disturbance, the ice-berg is launched into life." Some of the bergs may be seen sailing majestically in long lines out of the ice-fjords, to be wafted in various directions by the winds and currents. Some of them ground near the fjords, where they remain for months or even years and are only removed by "calving," or pieces breaking off from them.

Dr. H. Rink, of Copenhagen, whose long residence in the country entitles his opinion to the greatest respect, has calculated the yearly precipitation, including both snow and rain, at ten inches, and the discharge of ice, in the form of glaciers, at two inches. A small portion is given off by evaporation, but the greatest discharge is probably in the streams of water which pour out beneath the glaciers, both in summer and winter. We do not appear to be in possession of sufficient data to justify an opinion as to how far the united yearly discharge of ice, water, and vapour at present equals the annual precipitation. It is obvious that the question of the increase or decrease of the existing ice-sheet hinges on this point.

The sub-glacial streams, thickly loaded with mud from the grinding of the glaciers on the rocks over which they travel, discolour the sea for miles, and finally deposit on the bottom a thick coating of the finest material, in which Arctic marine animals burrow in great numbers. Some of the inlets, formerly quite open for boats, are now so choked up with bergs—mainly, it is thought, in consequence of the deposits of subglacial mud—that going up them is never thought of at present.

Occasionally, without a breath of wind stirring, ice-bergs are seen "shooting out" of an inlet, propelled, in all probability, by the waves produced by a fresh berg being detached from the glacier up the fjord.

The bergs when aground have always a slight movement, which stirs up the food on which the seals largely subsist; hence the neighbourhood of such bergs is a favourite haunt of these animals, and thus too often tempts the native fisherman, who not unfrequently loses his life by falling ice. "When we would row between two bergs," says Dr. Brown, "to avoid a few hundred yards' circuit, the rowers would pull with muffled oars and bated breath. Orders would be given in whispers, and even were Sabine's gull or the great auk to swim past, I scarcely think that even the chance of gaining such a prize would tempt us to run the risk of firing, and thereby endangering

our lives by the reverberations bringing down pieces of crumbling ice hanging overhead. A few strokes and we are out of danger; and then the pent-up feelings of our stolid fur-clad oarsmen find vent in lusty huzzahs! Yet, when viewed out of danger, this noble assemblage of ice palaces, hundreds in number being seen at such times from the end of Jakobshavn Kirk, was a magnificent sight; and the voyager might well indulge in some poetic frenzy at the view. The noon-day heat had melted their sides; and the rays of the red evening sun glancing askance among them would conjure up fairy visions of castles of silver and cathedrals of gold. . . . Suddenly there is a swaying, a moving of the water, and our fairy palace falls to pieces, or, with an echo like a prolonged thunder-clap, it capsizes, sending the waves in breakers up to our very feet."

Ordinary Alpine glaciers, like those of Switzerland, flowing down mountain gorges, receive great accumulations of rocky debris on each side, which are termed *lateral moraines*. In the frequent case of two such gorges uniting in one at a lower level, what may be called the *adjacent* or *inner laterals* become one, and form a *medial moraine*. Not unfrequently portions of the material thus accumulated on the surface fall through the *crevasses*, and, reaching the bottom, participate there in the general downward motion, and with the debris the glacier has dislodged from the rocky surface on which it travels, form the *moraine profonde* or *basal moraine*. If, as in the Alps, the glacier terminates without reaching the sea, most of the matter thus transported is deposited at its foot, and forms a *terminal moraine*.

The glaciers of Greenland are much more simple. They bring no debris from the interior; and the short valleys through which they reach the sea rarely unite. The surface material — which is inconsiderable, and seldom takes the form of a medial moraine — together with that at its base, is floated off by the detached bergs, which not unfrequently capsize in the inlets, and thus deposit, at least, the greater part of their burthen before reaching the open sea. Hence, could the submarine surface be inspected, it would in all probability be found to consist of tenacious clay, imbedding a long line of boulders, shells, and bones of seals and other marine animals. This matter must frequently be rearranged by the enormous momentum of ice-bergs grounding on it. Dr. Brown mentions the case of a berg which, in 1867, he observed at the mouth of the Waygatz,

carrying a block of rock that, even at a distance, looked as large as a good-sized house.

Greenland, though so intensely cold, and apparently so cheerless, is full of interest to the naturalist, and by no means without profit for the merchant. The outskirting land supports a luxuriant growth of from 300 to 400 species of plants, some of which ascend to the height of 4,000 feet; many species of seals, and whales, and fish sport in the waters, which are also occupied by invertebrate animals and seaweeds; every rock swarms with water-fowl, whilst land-birds from the south visit the country as a nesting-place; countless herds of reindeer browse in some of its valleys; the bark of the fox is to be heard even in the depth of winter; and the polar bear may be seen all the year round. The Danes, at their first visit, found a human population there of 30,000; and within their own possessions there is at present a healthy, intelligent, civilized race of hunters of not less than 10,000 souls. Exclusive of home-consumption, the annual exports of the settlements amounted in 1835 to 9,569 barrels of seal-oil, 47,809 seal skins, 1,714 fox skins, 34 bear skins, 194 dog skins, 3,437 lbs. of eider down, 5,206 lbs. of feathers, 439 lbs. of narwhal ivory, 51 lbs. of walrus ivory, and 3,596 lbs. of whalebone.

Geologists have long taught that, at least, the west coast of Greenland is slowly sinking below the sea. This doctrine is confirmed by Dr. Brown, who recapitulates the principal points of the evidence on which it rests. The following are amongst the facts he enumerates:—Near the end of the last century a small rocky island was observed to be entirely submerged at springtide high-water, yet on it were the remains of a house, rising six feet above the ground; fifty years later the submergence had so far increased that the ruins alone were ever left above water. The foundations of an old storehouse, built on an island in 1776, are now dry only at low water. The remains of native houses are in one locality seen beneath the sea. In 1758 the Moravian Mission establishment was founded about two miles from Fiskernæsset, but in thirty years they were obliged to move, at least once, the posts on which they rested their large *omiaks*, or seal-skin boats. Some of the posts may yet be seen under water. The dwellings of several Greenland families, who lived on Savage Point from 1721 to 1736, are now overflowed by every tide. In one locality, the ruins of old Greenland houses are only to be seen at low water.

A blubber house, originally built on a rocky islet about a furlong from the shore in Disco Bay, had to be removed in 1887, as the floor was flooded at every tide, in consequence of the gradual sinking of the islet—a fact which had long been recognized. An adjacent island, on which the natives formerly encamped in considerable numbers during summer, has become so diminished in size through slow subsidence that there is at present room for no more than three or four skin tents. Dr. Brown estimates the rate of submergence at not more than five feet in a century.

Proofs of an *upward* movement appear to be equally well established on the north coast, where Dr. Kane, in 1855, observed and described a series of old sea-beaches rising one over another to considerable heights above the sea-level. "I have studies," he says, "of these terraced beaches at various points on the northern coast of Greenland. . . . As these strange structures wound in long spirals round the headlands of the fjords, they reminded me of the parallel roads of Glen Roy—a comparison which I make rather from general resemblance than ascertained analogies of causes."*

There seems a tendency to regard this upward movement in the north, as well as the downward movement in the west, as still in progress; in fact, to consider Greenland as a sort of lever, having its fulcrum somewhere between the two regions in which the opposite changes of relative level have been observed. There is nothing inconsistent in the hypothesis that a subsidence in one region synchronises with elevation in another at no very great distance; and, indeed, it is believed by, at least, most geologists that an instance of the kind is furnished by Sweden, which is rising along the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, sinking in the extreme south of the peninsula, but undergoing no change in the district of which Stockholm may be regarded as the centre. Dr. Brown, however, whilst cordially accepting the evidence of upheaval in North Greenland, believes that movement to be a thing of the past, that the whole island participated in it, and that he has detected unmistakable proofs, along the whole extent of the Danish colonies—and, in one instance, 500 feet above the sea—of a striated clay, containing shells belonging to species still living in the neighbouring sea. In like manner, he regards the subsidence

now in progress as being by no means local, but shared by the entire country. He admits, however, that the district between the Danish settlements and the south coast has not been examined; so that he can only be held to have proved that, since the advent of the species of shellfish now living in the adjacent sea, those parts of Greenland, now known to be sinking were at a much lower level than they are at present; that, even then, the country was the scene of ice action, which, by depositing glacier-clay, furnished a habitat for the marine mollusks whose shells are now found in it; that after this deposition the district rose slowly above the sea, and attained a sub-aërial height of many hundred feet; that if the process of elevation resembled that in the north of the island, it was broken by protracted periods of intermittence, during which the successive terraces were formed; and that, at length there set in a movement in the contrary direction, which is still in progress. It does not appear from the evidence at present before us that the downward movement is necessarily shared by the north, or, indeed, that the elevation has yet ceased there. On these points we need further information.

It is obvious that whilst the changes just described take us slowly and far back into antiquity, they fail to reach the commencement of the glacial condition of the country. The clays, which, notwithstanding the present slow subsidence, are still 500 feet *above* the sea-level, were due to *glacial* agency, and must have been deposited when the areas in which they occur were far *below* the sea. They are occupied, too, by shells of the same species as now live in Greenland waters, and thus denote that the climate has not changed.

The existing ice-sheet which so completely covers the land—concealing alike the tops of the mountains and the valleys which separate them—is eloquent of time. It represents, not the accumulated total snows of ages, but the sum of the annual surpluses—the remnants of the yearly precipitation which the conjoined actions of evaporation, ice-flow, and sub-glacial streams have failed to remove—the hoarded capital resulting from the excess of ice-income over expenditure in every form. And yet this income is estimated at no more than ten inches annually, so that the yearly savings must have been very inconsiderable in themselves—probably an inch or two, at most. Their aggregate is vast, merely because the time of accumulation has been very protracted.

* "Arctic Explorations," vol. ii. p. 81.

It is obvious that the geologist's chance of finding fossils is limited to the outskirting land. Here, however, and especially near Atanekerdluk, on the western coast, opposite Disco Island, in latitude 70° N.—termed North Greenland by Dr. Heer—he has been eminently successful, as has been already remarked.

From the Report of Professor Heer, it appears that the specimens collected by Mr. Whymper and Dr. Brown contained 89 species of plants, of which 20 were entirely new to science; that we are now acquainted with a total of 137 species from the same beds and localities; and that the deposits which yielded them belong to what is known to the geologist as the Miocene age—a period very remotely ancient, no doubt, when measured by even the largest unit employed in human history, but not very far back in the vast antiquity of the world. It was separated from the close of that era in which our chalk beds were formed, by a period termed the Eocene, and, in all probability, by an earlier but unrepresented interval. It was long prior, on the other hand, to the first appearance in the world of any existing species of quadrupeds, and though some of the kinds of shell-fish now living were also living then, upwards of fifty per cent. of the species forming the present molluscan fauna date from times less ancient than those represented by the plant-beds of Atanekerdluk.

Plants of the same kind and of the same age have been found also in Iceland, and even in Spitzbergen in latitude 73° 56m. N., and are wonderfully calculated to revolutionize our notions of the climate of the Arctic regions. That it cannot always have been frigid, is evident from the facts that of the fossils in question considerably more than half the number were trees, while at present no trees exist in any part of Greenland, though its southern point, Cape Farewell, is in latitude 59° 47m. N., or fully 700 miles farther south than Atanekerdluk; that amongst them there were upwards of thirty different kinds of cone-bearing trees, including several species allied to the gigantic Wellingtonia at present growing in California; that the other trees were beeches, oaks, planes, poplars, maples, walnuts, limes, a magnolia, hazel, blackthorn, holly, logwood, and hawthorn; that they were not represented by leaves merely—which occurred, however, in vast profusion—but by fossil flowers and fruits, including even two cones of the magnolia, thus proving that they did not maintain a precarious ex-

istence, but ripened their fruits. Ivies and vines twined round their trunks, beneath them grew ferns having broad fronds, and with them were mingled several evergreen shrubs.

They were by no means confined to high latitudes, for at least forty-six of the species have been found as fossils in Central Europe. So far as is at present known, six of them grew no farther south than the Baltic, ten have been found in Switzerland, seven in Austria, four in France, seventeen in Italy, six in Greece, and four in Devonshire. In fact, these extinct old Miocene plants had a much wider geographical range than is enjoyed by their allies in the present day; whence Professor Heer has concluded that the temperature of the northern hemisphere, at least from Greece to within a few degrees of the Pole, was much more uniform during the Miocene era than it is at present. The mean annual temperature of North Greenland was, he believes, 30° , and of Central Europe 10° , higher than it is now.

A vegetation so luxuriant was probably the home of a large and varied amount of animal life; though, up to this time, their remains have been but very sparingly found. Professor Heer, however, has detected two fossil insects—one of them a beetle—amongst the leaves.

Such, it has been well remarked, was the variety, luxuriance, and abundance of this old Miocene flora, that if land extended at that time from Greenland to the Pole, it was probably occupied by at least many of the same species of plants.

From The Spectator.

"OUR TYRANT."

THE Tory journals are doing Mr. Gladstone good service. The Abolition of Purchase by Warrant in the teeth of the Lord's refusal to accept the measure has driven them wild with rage, or as is more probable with hope of a good cry; and they are denouncing the Premier after a fashion new to our political warfare. Sarcasm has been abandoned for invective, which in its violence and personality would hardly be justified if he had overridden Parliament by an illegal plébiscite. The *Standard*, in particular, has hardly a topic except the insolence of the Premier towards the country. He is no longer "the People's William," as he was denominated in ridicule all through last session; but "our tyrant," the imperious master

of a mechanical majority, the unscrupulous antagonist of Parliament, the violator of the Constitution, the "stern despot" who coerces one House in order to compel it to coerce the other. Indeed we are not quite sure if he does not coerce the electorate too. No foreigner reading these distiches would dream that Mr. Gladstone is but the president of a stiffnecked Cabinet, in which one-half the members are Peers, and three of them at least, counting Lord Hartington, who is in all but seat a Peer—great Peers, as unlikely wantonly to insult their order as any men living—that Mr. Gladstone reigns so far as he does reign only by daily re-election; that his despotism is derived entirely from the steady support of the House of Commons; that he could be dismissed or compelled to appeal to the country by a single vote; that the tyranny complained of, if it exists at all, is the tyranny of the representative body, and not of any single man. We deny that it exists at all in any greater degree than at any former period. What has happened about the Army Bill has happened since 1832 about a hundred bills,—there has been a collision of opinions between the Commons and the Lords, and the Lords, after a struggle in which they seemed for an instant victorious, have been compelled to give way. The form of compulsion constantly differs; now it is a warning speech from the Government leader; now it is a sharp vote of the Commons; now it is an appeal to the electorate, which the Lords are not bound to respect any more than they are bound to respect the Ministry; now it is an appeal to some half-obsolete power of the Crown; but the reality is always the same, the representative House, once provoked, invariably announces its own supremacy in the constitutional machine. Mr. Gladstone had literally no option. Not to coerce the Lords was to coerce the Commons to continue purchase in spite of their repeated votes for its abolition, and this the Premier has as little the power as the will to do. His ministry would have died of its apparent inefficiency. The constantly repeated assertion that Lord Palmerston would have arrested the collision is altogether beside the question. Lord Palmerston whenever sincerely interested, was much more dictatorial than Mr. Gladstone, as witness the Divorce Act; but Lord Palmerston as a rule, was the minister of a compromise just then desired by the country, and if he did move, had no occasion to urge his measures upon a majority of Peers, who would have passed anything rather than have ex-

changed him for a more earnest-minded successor. Mr. Gladstone was in earnest, but the only tyranny displayed was the tyranny of a fact, that the Commons are stronger than the Lords and the porcelain jar might just as well complain of the bronze vase for breaking it in a collision. It is very hard for the porcelain, no doubt, that it cannot have both splendour and strength, but complaint of laws which cannot be changed becomes children rather than serious politicians. The House of Commons when resolved is the ultimate ruler of the United Kingdom,—that cardinal fact usually hidden by our cumbersome form of procedure, has once more asserted itself in an unusual, though not unprecedented form, and that is all.

Our concern, however, to-day is not with the Army Bill, but with the effect which this stream of invective will have upon Mr. Gladstone's political position. It will unquestionably strengthen it. The Premier's immense majority both in the Commons and the country is made up of three divisions, so separate and so well-defined as almost to deserve the name of parties. There are the Whigs, who do not personally like him, or at least feel towards him no personal attachment; but who recognize in him the only possible Premier, who know that he is on the economic side of his head a Whig in his respect for property, and who feel that for intellectual as well as traditional reasons, they cannot become Tories. These men may in some degree be moved by aristocratic influence, but as they have no personal liking to get rid of, the invective, however lavish, makes no difference to them, rather provokes them, as showing a want of respect for an office they do not desire to degrade. Then come the great body of middle-class Liberals, the old electorate, who have been fascinated by Mr. Gladstone's lofty genius for finance, who are pleased with the high moral ideal which he sets before them, and who are on all essential matters heartily in accord with his policy. It is this body which gives Mr. Gladstone what may be called his personal strength, a strength he might not derive either from Whigs or Radicals. These men, though far from hostile to Lords as Lords, or to the Upper Chamber when quiescent, are permanently and steadily determined that whenever a crisis comes between the two Houses their representatives shall rule. We cannot remember a case since 1832 in which they have faltered or in which they have not expressed a deep annoyance when-

ever a Premier, as in the case of the Life Peerages or the Paper Duty, openly gave way. These men, if not conciliated by the use made of the Warrant, are certainly not alienated, for they regard it merely as a method of giving effect to a decree of the Commons, which in all serious matters they regard as final, while they are irritated by the abuse lavished upon a man whom, with all his defects, they regard with pride as their worthiest representative. And lastly, there is the party now commonly called the "Left," not very strong in the House, but backed by great numbers outside, which supports Mr. Gladstone with reserves, growls at his ecclesiastical leanings, murmurs that he will never go far enough, and suspects him, as the *Daily News* has repeatedly said, of undue deferences towards his aristocratic followers. They like a Premier of the Pitt sort, lean, rigid, and strong, rather than a premier of the Melbourne or even the Palmerston kind—you can see the same feeling in America about any man "with an upper lip"—they did not expect Mr. Gladstone to be so determined, and his attitude has confirmed their half-wavering loyalty. This man, then, will go, if not far enough, as far as he promises to go,—that is their conclusion, and it is one which will have a tremendous effect at the polling-booths, where it will help the half-educated of whom Lord Derby recently spoke to realize the individuality of their favourite. If Mr. Gladstone had given way, the Left would in their own minds have abandoned him, and sought a leader with whom they could have had more sympathy upon ecclesiastical questions, always the chasm between their minds and Mr. Gladstone's. As it is, they are learning every day from the passionate invective of their foes to realize the baselessness of their distrust, to recognize the many bonds which should unite them to the Premier, to feel that at least up to a point they are certain of their chief.

The form and manner of the "act of tyranny," which so exasperate the Tory Press, deepen the delight of the Left. They, much more than the middle-class Liberals, care heartily for Army Reform, by which they understand reform in the democratic direction; they, much more than the Liberals, detest the Upper House as a Legislating body, and they at heart care, as Liberals often do not, that the Executive shall be swift. We do not say that they care it shall be strong. We have never been able to ascertain what the idea of the Left upon the sanctity of

the Law really is; but that the popular will, once ascertained, should make itself executive in some swift and even dramatic form,—this they undoubtedly approve, as much as they dislike weak, that is slow and reluctant, action. They are always crying out for decision, and decisiveness is the marked quality of the Premier's recent stroke. As to the appeal to the crown, that does not hurt them at all. That jealousy of prerogative which is a tradition with the Whigs, and still affects men like Mr. Bouverie, is wholly wanting to their minds, for they regard prerogative as a weapon with which the leader of the majority may, on occasion, secure many important ends, may, for example, reduce the House of Lords to amity with the Commons. Unless we are greatly mistaken, we shall at the next election hear in a great many large constituencies, how the candidate had doubted about the Premier, how he had objected to this, that and the other, as, for example, to the deference shown to the Peers about the University Tests Bill, but that the manner in which Mr. Gladstone had "put down his foot" upon Purchase had rebound him to his allegiance. The very "imperiousness" of which the Tories make so much, will to the new electorate be but a new charm.

From The Saturday Review.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

WE are going to aim at a mark which is somewhat hard to reach—namely, to try to look at the main result of the great struggle which has just turned Europe upside-down as a matter of purely dispassionate and scientific inquiry. We have before us the original text of the Imperial German Constitution, the *Verfassung des deutschen Reiches*, and we wish to examine it with as calm and critical an eye as if we had lighted on the earliest Constitution of Phœkis or Lokris in a newly-discovered fragment of Aristotle. It is not simply the latest form of political being which has been chosen by what is now the foremost nation in Europe. To the scientific student of these matters it is something more. It is the first real attempt to solve a problem which has often suggested itself to political thinkers; it is the first ascertained example of a form of government which has often been spoken of as possible, but which has hitherto

existed in theory only. It is a confederation—even in becoming a *Reich* it has not cast aside the name of a *Bund*—yet its constitution is not republican, but monarchic. Its chief is an hereditary King who, in virtue of his chieftainship, has been clothed with the rank of Emperor; its other members are mainly monarchies ruled by Kings, Dukes, or other Princes; three only are Free Cities, whose constitutions are of course republican. Now for ages past all the chief Federal Systems of the world, Achaia, Switzerland, America, and a crowd of others of less fame, have all been republican. For a union of Princes really worthy to be called a Federal system we shall look in vain in the pages of certain history. It has always been plain that the thing might be, but for actual examples the student has had to grope into distant or mythical times or places, to flatter himself that something of the kind might probably be found in the days of the Twelve Kings of Egypt or the Seven Lords of the Philistines, or, at the very least, among the Tetrarchs of Galatia. If it be objected that the German Confederation which vanished in 1866 and on the ruins of which the present Empire has grown was a Confederation of Princes, the answer would naturally take the form of a question whether that body was, in any strict sense, a Confederation at all. At the outside it was only a *Staatenbund*, while its present successor at least aims at being in the strictest sense a *Bundesstaat*. It has its Federal Executive and its Federal Legislature, with its two Houses, the one representing the States as States, the other representing the nation as the nation, just as naturally as America and Switzerland. The nature of the Executive and that of one House of the Legislature are widely different from the Swiss and American models, and the functions of the different powers of the State are by no means the same in the Empire as they are in the two commonwealths. Still there they are, a union of States with a Federal Executive and two Houses of a Federal Assembly. If it does not answer the perfect Federal ideal, it at least comes so near to it that it would be mere pedantry to refuse it a place among Federal Systems. Yet, if it be a Confederation at all, it is eminently a monarchic Confederation. Its President is an Emperor, and one House of its Legislature is chiefly made up of Kings and Dukes or their Ambassadors.

The fact that the chief of the new

League or Empire is an hereditary King is the most obvious difference between the new League and its republican fellows. It is a difference on the surface which every one can see at a glance. But in truth it helps to hide a difference which is really more important still. It is not merely that the powers, and more than the powers, which America gives to its President, and Switzerland to its Federal Council, are given to an hereditary chief. Something like an hereditary chief of a Confederation had already been seen in the Stadtholder of the United Provinces. Though such a form of Executive may seem eccentric, there is nothing in it abstractly contrary to any Federal principle. The arguments for and against hereditary succession would be very much the same in a Federal Government as the arguments for and against it are in any other Government. The really more important point is that the hereditary chief of the Empire is also the hereditary chief of one of its States, and that incomparably its greatest State. The rank of German Emperor, with the Federal authority vested in that office, is attached by the Constitution to the Crown of Prussia. This is the real novelty. No doubt under the old German *Bund* the presidency was vested in Austria. But then the League was so much laxer, and the powers of the Federal President were so much smaller, that there is no great likeness between the two cases. In this case the presidency of the League, with very important powers indeed, is vested in a chief, not only not chosen by the Federal Legislature or by the League itself in any shape, but all whose feelings and interests are necessarily bound up with one particular State of the League, and that the State which is more powerful than all the rest put together. To translate from royal into republican language, it is as if the Governor of the State of New York should be *ex officio* President of the United States. We know not whether this analogy ever struck any one before, but, so far as the arrangement of the several Federal Powers and their relations to one another are concerned, the analogy is exact. The real difference between the two cases is that in the German case the hereditary nature of the presidency goes far to counterbalance the evils which would be so glaring in our supposed American case. The absurdity of the Governor of New York being *ex officio* President of the Union need not be pointed out. It would be far worse than the privileges of the *Vorort* in the old

state of things in Switzerland, because the powers of the American President are so much greater. The President so chosen would be almost sure to direct the policy of the Union, so far as he had the means of guiding it to the interest of his own particular State and not to that of the whole Union. He would be almost sure to be chosen for the direct object of so doing, and that object would be only the more consciously followed because New York, though the greatest State in the Union, is by no means so much greater than the other States as Prussia is greater than the other German States. Hereditary succession, whatever may be said against it, is really likely to do much to lessen evils of this kind. The chief of the German Empire, not being chosen at all, will at least never be chosen with any particular factious motive. Succeeding by right of birth to the imperial Crown of Germany as well as to the local Crown of Prussia, brought up, it may be hoped, with a view to the greater post as well as to the smaller, a German Emperor may easily learn to feel as a German and not merely as a Prussian; he may learn to make the interests of the lower office, if the two should ever clash, yield to those of the higher. If the headship of the League is to be attached to the headship of a particular State, it is plain that in this case monarchical forms have an advantage over republican forms. The hereditary Emperor may easily rise above any temptations to sacrifice the interests of his Empire to those of his kingdom. The analogous temptations could hardly be withstood by Bæotarchs chosen by Thebes only to be Federal magistrates of all Bæotia.

In fact, under the circumstances in which the North German League was founded, the presidency, or rather the supremacy of Prussia was a thing which could not be helped. It was in fact, and it could not help being, so undisguised a supremacy that it hardly occurred to political thinkers to discuss the North-German League, while it remained a North-German League only, as a real example of a Federal System. It had the form of a League; it was hardly possible that it could have the spirit. The accession of the southern States, States not at all the equals of Prussia, but still quite strong enough to have a will and a voice of their own, has brought the German League or Empire much nearer to the true Federal type than its North-German forerunner. And this is the case though the accession of the

Southern States has carried with it a certain departure from strict Federal forms. It is certainly against the idea of a perfect Federation that any of its States should have exceptional privileges, or that Federal law, within whatever range of subjects may be placed under the dominion of Federal law, should not have the same authority in every corner of the lands forming the Confederation. Yet the German Empire is placed in this position by the accession of Bavaria. Bavaria was strong enough to make her own terms, and to stand out for privileges which certainly are inconsistent with general Federal principles. The result is the insertion in the German Constitution of such a curious proviso as the following, for which in the merely North-German Constitution there was no place. In describing the functions of both the Houses of the Federal Legislature, the *Bundesrath* and the *Reichstag*, provision is made for certain cases where matters shall be discussed which are not common to the whole League. In these cases the members for those States which are not concerned are not to be allowed to vote. Thus the 28th Article of the North-German Constitution stood thus:—

Der Reichstag beschliesst nach absoluter Stimmenmehrheit. Zur Gültigkeit der Beschlussfassung ist die Anwesenheit der Mehrheit der gesetzlichen Anzahl der Mitglieder erforderlich.

In the new Constitution the following restriction has to be added:—

Bei der Beschlussfassung über eine Angelegenheit welche nach den Bestimmungen dieser Verfassung nicht dem ganzen Bunde gemeinschaftlich ist, werden die Stimmen nur derjenigen Mitglieder gezählt, die in Bundesstaaten gewählt sind welchen die Angelegenheit gemeinschaftlich ist.

The constitution of *Reichstag*—a body answering to the *Nationalrath* in Switzerland and to the House of Representatives in America—is in no way remarkable, though its mode of election for three years by secret and universal suffrage certainly is remarkable when we think of its author. It is in the *Bundesrath* that the monarchic nature of the Confederation comes out. This body does not answer to the Swiss *Bundesrath*, which is the Executive of the League, but to the Swiss *Ständerath* or the American Senate. All these bodies represent the States as States, while the other House of the Legislature in each case represents the Confederate nation as a nation. But the constitution of the German *Bundesrath* differs

in two important points from the constitution of the *Ständerath* and the Senate. In both the Swiss and the American systems each State, great and small, has the same number of votes in the Upper House of the Federal Assembly. This is, of course, the true Federal idea. The American States and the Swiss Cantons differ widely among themselves in extent and population. Therefore in one House of the Legislature each has a number of representatives in proportion to its population. But, as independent and sovereign States, united by a voluntary tie, the rights, powers, and dignity of all the States are equal. Therefore in the other House of the Legislature the smallest State has an equal number of representatives with the greatest. But the Swiss and American Confederations were in their origin really voluntary unions of independent States which have since admitted other States to the same rights as themselves. In Switzerland, indeed, the original Cantons which formed the kernel of the League are now among the smallest of them all. The political equality of Bern and Uri, of New York and Rhode Island, is therefore among the first principles of the two Confederations. It would be childish to expect that the same sort of equality could be established between Prussia and the conquered enemies or dependent allies out of which she made a nominal Confederation after her victories in 1866. The Confederate nation, as a nation, might have, just as much as Switzerland and America, equality of representation throughout its extent, but it could not be expected that the States, as States, should have the same equality of representation—that Prussia should have no greater voice in the Federal body than Schaumburg-Lippe and Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. And, in truth, there was the precedent of the old League which the new one supplanted to go upon. Each State, therefore, of the North German League kept in the new *Bundesrath* the number of votes which it had held in the *Plenum* of the old German League, Prussia adding to its own number of votes those of Hanover and the other States which it absolutely incorporated. As this gave Prussia not more than seventeen votes out of forty-three, the proportion can hardly be called unfair. Since the accession of the Southern States, Prussia has seventeen votes out of fifty-eight. Here, then, is one obvious and unavoidable difference between the Senate of the new Confederation and those of the two older

ones. Another, equally unavoidable, is a still more direct consequence of the monarchic character of the German League. The Swiss Constitution simply provides that the members of the *Ständerath* shall be chosen by the Cantons; the American Constitution prescribes that the Senators shall be chosen by the Legislatures of the several States. It would not have come into any man's head to make the *Ständerath* consist of the chief magistrates of the several Cantons or their representatives. But in a Confederation whose States are monarchies, it would be hardly possible wholly to shut out the Executive Governments of the several Kingdoms or Duchies from some direct place in the Federal body. The German Constitution, therefore, makes the *Bundesrath* consist of representatives of the several States, who may seemingly be either the Princes themselves or their ambassadors. Each State may send as many representatives as it has votes, but the votes of each State must be given as a whole. Bavaria may send six representatives; it has in any case six votes, but the six votes must all be given in the same way. This is going back to the arrangements of the ancient league of Lykia, and is unlike those of America and Switzerland, where each member of the Senate or the *Ständerath* has an independent vote.

One most important provision appears in the Constitution of the Empire which did not appear in that of the North-German League. In the latter the President—that is, the King of Prussia—had the absolute power of making war and peace. He had to obtain the consent of the Legislature only when the articles of a treaty concerned matters which came within the competence of the Legislative body to deal with. By the new Constitution the Emperor can declare war only with the consent of the *Bundesrath*, except in cases of sudden invasion. The power of the Emperor, thus limited with regard to war, is much the same as that of the President of the United States with regard to peace; but the powers of the Executive with regard to war and peace are quite different in the three Confederations. Switzerland vests the power of making war and peace wholly in the Federal Assembly. In America the Congress declares war, but the President makes peace with the assent of the Senate. In Germany the Emperor makes peace with the limitations above mentioned, but he can make war only with the consent of the *Bundesrath*.

We have by no means gone through all

the Articles of the Constitution; we have only picked out those which seemed most important in themselves and best suited for a comparison with the other two chief Federal States, and especially for marking those points in which a Confederation of Principalities necessarily differs from a Confederation of Commonwealths.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE STORY OF A PROFESSIONAL VAGRANT.

THE *Daily News* publishes the following letter written by a well-known professional vagrant named George Atkins Brine, in reply to some inquiries addressed to him by one of the secretaries of the Charity Organization Society in London;—

Honoured Sir,—Apologizing for not having replied to your courteous note earlier, I beg to answer some of Mr. R. T.'s inquiries respecting me. In the first place, Mr. R. T. desires to know what induced me to adopt such a mode of livelihood; 2ndly, how I have supported myself in my wanderings; 3rdly, the casual wards I have visited, and my opinion of them; and 4thly, the gaols in which I have been incarcerated, with the cause of these incarcerations. Now in reply to the first question, I left Sherborne to seek employment at my trade (that of a butcher), and not succeeding for a time, I soon discovered that more money could be got without work than with it. What knowledge I lacked was soon instilled into my mind by professional vagrants.

2ndly. How I have supported myself during my wanderings. Now I mean to make a clean breast of it, I will candidly declare that I have stuck at nothing. I have worked (but very little) at my trade; I have been a cattle drover; I have been salesman with three different cheap-jacks; I have been a pot hawker; I have been a vendor of pens, paper, razors (Peter Pindar's), spectacles, laces, &c.; I have been a distributor of religious tracts; I have been in the employ (for two years together) of manslaughtering quack doctors—four different ones (I am more ashamed of this than of any other of my follies, for the majority of them are not robbers only, but homicides). I have sold cards at all the principal races in England. I also attended for many years all the principal prize-fights. I have been a “shallow cove” (i.e., a member of the land navy); also a “highflyer” (i.e., a begging-letter imposter); a “lurker,” one who is forty different trades, and master of none. My favourite “lurk” was butcher, tallow chandler, or currier, and, to crown all, I have been a preacher! This game pays well in remote village streets on Sunday evenings, pro-

vided you are well stocked with tracts; but I was not fit for it; my risibility is too easily tickled; and once when I was invited to “hold forth” in a small chapel, I was in no little danger of grinning in the pulpit at my own roguery. This was at Rothbury, Northumberland. I must also tell you, in short, I have been a rogue, imposter and vagabond of each and every denomination. I say this because it is true, and because I am now heartily ashamed of it.

3rdly. Mr. R. T. wants to know my opinion of the casual wards I have visited. Now I have visited but very few—I think I could swear that I never was in twenty different ones during the twenty-two years I was rambling—but I am fully convinced that they all tend to foster vagrancy. Even such places as Oxford, Cambridge, Bath, Rochester, Norwich, and Hastings, do more harm than good; for out of every ten tramps there are nine imposters or professional tramps. You may think this is saying too much, but I am sure it is the truth. If there was no relief to be had there would be no vagrants. The difficulty lies in distinguishing between the honest working man and the rogue. Now, the distributors of Watt's Charity in Rochester seem to pride themselves upon their own sagacity on this point. I have been a recipient of Watt's no less than eight times, so I leave you to guess whether they relieved a deserving customer in me or otherwise. In Norwich, at St. Andrew's Hall, it is the same. I once gave my ticket, which I had obtained there, to a poor blacksmith who had been refused one. The reason he had been refused was because he was not so consummate a liar as I was. This is truth. If he had been a trading liar he would have gotten his bread, cheese, beer, and bed, valued at eightpence.

Again, Mr. R. T. and his colleagues will never deal effectually with vagrancy unless they begin at the right end. Let them or the Legislature suppress two-thirds of the common “padding kens,” or low lodging-houses. These are the great receptacles of vice in its most repulsive aspect. It is there that the supply of vagrants is manufactured, ay, in the very womb; it is there they dispose of their ill-gotten gains, for great numbers of them are regular “fencing cribs”; and great numbers of them will not lodge a working-man at all, if they know it, lest he should divulge their secrets. And all lodging houses ought to be under stricter police surveillance. Again, sir, you know, or ought to know, that the greater the villain the more plausible is his tale, and the more assured, invincible impudence he possesses the likelier is he to attain his ends, at least with people who are little acquainted with these mysteries, for rogues don't care to deal with rogues—in truth, they will never trust each other, and I assure you, sir, the gullibility of the British public is so great, and their hearts so finely susceptible to what they believe to be a tale of genuine distress, that their gen-

erous benevolence is unbounded. They don't like to be imposed upon; but, as I said before, the rogue, liar, and imposter, practised as he is, soon convinces them that he, at least, does not belong to the cadging fraternity. And now, fourthly, how many goals? This is a poser. Well, here goes. I have been in goal more than one hundred different times! There are but two counties in England that I have escaped "limbo." I have also been in several

in Scotland and Wales. In the great majority of cases drunkenness has been the cause; I have never been convicted of felony or larceny, but I have for obtaining money under false pretences, and several times for hawking without a license, many times for vagrancy, smashing windows, and other offences for the whole of which I richly deserve hanging. To this, I presume, Sir, you will say Amen.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY AND IN FRANCE.

— M. Léon Gautier argues in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* that the chief cause of the downfall of France was her vicious system of education. "Our present misfortunes," he says, "do not proceed from the luck of our enemies, but from our internal corruption. It is our vices that are killing us. . . . Not long ago A. Cochon said with his usual acuteness: 'We are a clever nation which does not work, and we have been beaten by a nation which works but is not clever.' O Frenchmen, Athenians, clever and charming people that you are, ponder well these words, which are the key to our misfortunes! We are the most amiable and indolent of nations. . . . To say all in a few words, the ignorance of the French officers was indescribably great. Our young men came full of fire and light from the Ecole Polytechnique or Saint-Cyr; the life of the garrisons extinguished them in a few days. A sub-lieutenant of five-and-twenty was in a short time as used-up (*usé*) as the oldest captain of his regiment; and that is saying much. . . . In the Ecole Polytechnique the young men were at least kept to their work by the hope of getting a good place in the examination. . . . But in the Ecole d'Application at Metz it was otherwise; their zeal cooled down in an extraordinary degree. I believe I am right in saying that certain German officers who were sent to Metz for study were the most diligent of the military students in that town. At Saint-Cyr it was the same thing; men worked until they passed their examination, but no longer. In this school especially geography and literature were held in contempt. Its eminent professor of geography, Herr Brouatta, used to lecture before an audience of five, while two or three hundred young men were playing billiards close at hand. The worst example in this respect was given by officers of the highest rank. Among those who distinguished themselves by their scandalous ignorance of geography was the ex-Emperor. Shortly after the beginning of the Mexican war, Napoleon III. asked to be shown on the map where Vera Cruz and Puebla are—a fact for which I can vouch. There were many generals who openly professed their contempt for science. When General Frossard, as President of the Council-General of the

Haute-Marne, visited the archives of that department (of which I was the keeper) he said in my presence these memorable words:—'Why not burn half of these old papers?' Now these very archives contain the richest material for the history and geography of France. And General Frossard was an officer of engineers and afterwards tutor to the Prince Imperial! These words remind me of the saying of another general, who was Inspector of the Military Schools, 'It is very creditable to you that you work, *mes enfants*; as for me, I have become what I am without that.' The regimental schools exist only on paper. Any officer who worked was pointed at as an eccentric character."

After citing numerous instances of the ignorance of the geography of their own country shown by the French generals during the late war, and of the knowledge of every road and strategical position possessed by the Germans, M. Gautier proceeds as follows:—"How are we to help ourselves? There is but one means: by work. Physical and political geography must be thoroughly taught in every college and school, not by a professor of general knowledge, but by a man specially qualified for such teaching. We must give up the folly of studying the old stereotyped plans of fortresses in our military schools; we must see with our own eyes, learn in the schools and camps of other nations. . . . Above all things, education should be decentralized. If we do not reform our university system we are lost. In her universities lies Germany's strength and the secret of her triumphs. We must have twenty universities in France; . . . we must get rid of many abuses, the most dangerous of which is that mania for fine speaking which is so much in fashion at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne. Lectures in France are merely exhibitions of Eloquence. The professor wishes for a brilliant circle of hearers of both sexes, and arranges his lecture accordingly. . . . If he is not so fortunate as to see ladies sit at his feet, he touches on the political opinions of the young men who hear him. This is very pleasant and clever, but it is of no use. The students leave the lecture-room as ignorant as they are delighted."

Fall Mall.